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Hinderwell
= Cole
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Sent me news of dear native place
 With golden crown and deck with grace.
 HINDERW.



M. H. B. 1880.

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Memoirs
OF THE
LIFE, WRITINGS, AND CHARACTER
OF THE LATE
THOMAS HINDERWELL, ESQ.,

Author of "*The History and Antiquities
of Scarborough, &c.*"

BY JOHN COLE,
Editor of '*Herneiana*', '*The Scarborough Album*,' &c.

Who'er amongst the sons
Of reason, valour, liberty, and virtue,
Displays distinguish'd merit; he's a noble
Of nature's own creating.

THOMSON.

SCARBOROUGH:
PUBLISHED BY JOHN COLE; AND
LONGMAN, REES, ORME, BROWN, AND GREEN,
PATERNOSTER ROW.

1826.

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PREFACE.



HAVING learned from the literary characters of the town and neighbourhood of Scarborough that no memoir of it's Historian was to be expected from their classic pens; as a tribute to the virtues of a good man, and a great benefactor to the place of his birth, and thinking with the poet, that

“ He should not sleep in his lone grave
Unwept” and unrecorded,

I commenced the following biographical account, as a performance of duty, and in my zeal to commemorate the life of one so lately deceased, and whose amiable deeds are so fresh in the remembrance of his townsmen, I have imposed no very pleasing task upon my feelings.

I began with very few, and those peculiarly slight, materials, but obtained from the most authentic source possible—the subject of the memoir himself; and with the disadvantage of not even then collecting them for the avowed purpose to which they are now applied. But as I proceeded in writing the life, anecdotes occasionally transpired, and dates were obligingly furnished, for which I beg to express my thanks to W. Travis, Esq., and the biographical sketch of this “amiable and high-minded English gentleman” at length assumed those features, which are now with high respect presented to my subscribers, with the hope that they may find somewhat to recognise, as indicative of the talents and worth of him who might be very appropriately termed

“Ye. Atlas of their spheare.”

Had I possessed the privilege of a contemplation of his character for a more extended period, I should have had opportunities to have noted circumstances as they occurred, and thus made the memoirs more comprehensive; but, through the communications of his friends and my own personal research, I have been enabled

to proceed in my narrative with regularity, and I hope no extensive chasm will be noticed ; but I fear that the encasing of the diamond may be considered as deteriorating the brilliancy of the gem.

The inhabitants of Scarborough have thrown in their contributions in subscriptions, toward the erection of this literary monument, in a very liberal manner, and, after tendering my best acknowledgments, I have to regret that they were not placed in hands more adequate to the developement of the theme. But, having performed the task of duty, I dismiss the work with lively hopes of it's experiencing a welcome reception from all acquainted with this subject of Scarborough's laudable pride ; thinking that the disadvantages under which I have laboured in it's composition should operate against any hasty and fastidious comments.

Scarborough,
April 17th, 1826.

The impression of this work is limited to 230 copies.

MEMOIR
OF
THOMAS HINDERWELL.



THOMAS HINDERWELL was descended from a respectable family, which had for a long series of years been resident in Scarborough, where he was born* 17 November, 1744, O. S. He received the rudiments of his education at his native town, after which he was placed at the celebrated

* He thus apostrophizes the place of his nativity:

“ Seat of my Sires! dear native place,
With grandeur crown'd and deck'd with grace!”

The house in which he was born is situated on the Cliff, commanding an uninterrupted view of ocean scenery. It is the next in a line with Donner's Hotel and is at present the property of Richard Wilson, Esq. Since the birth of our Historian, it has, however, undergone quite a metamorphosis; its exterior having been completely modernised, and it consequently presents a totally different appearance.

Free Grammar School, at Coxwold, Yorkshire, where he made considerable progress in the Greek and Latin languages, under the Rev. Robert Midgley, A. M. "who was fifty-three years Master of that school, and was deservedly admired for his fine taste in classical and polite literature. He educated several gentlemen, who were an honour to their country,"* among whom may be included the subject of this memoir. On finishing his academical studies, Mr. Hinderwell presented to the library, as a proof of his approbation of the School, a copy of a beautiful edition of Xenophon. His intimate friend, the Rev. Samuel Bottomley, observes—"I feel sorry that I never asked him how and when his first religious impressions commenced, but they must have been early in life. I have heard him speak of his exercises of conscience at Coxwold school."

After he had finished his education, he entered upon a sea-faring life, when he visited many of the continental cities, and we cannot but consider that a man of his observation, would improve his mind by such visits.

* For a memoir of Mr. M., see Nichols's "*Illustrations of Literary History*."

Among the acts of bravery which he exercised in his early years, I cannot omit to notice the following circumstance :

During the War of the Russians with the Turks, there were six Transport Ships engaged by the former from Scarborough, of one of which Mr. Hinderwell was Captain. On their arrival at St. Petersburg (after having received instructions from the Emperor, in the important service in which they were engaged) a magnificent banquet was given to the Officers, and on their return to their several Ships, Captain Hinderwell, in an heroic manner, seized the firelock of one of the Russian Centinels, which he wrenched from his hands, and said, "I am now invested with the power to pierce you through with this bayonet—but," continued he, spiritedly presenting it to the centinel; "I return it—earnestly entreating you to make honourable use of so honourable a weapon."

He seems always to have had an inclination for study, and to have been imbued with a love of literature, as he related to Mr. Bottomley; the pleasure he took in reading while at Sea, "which Captain Burn, of Scarborough, perceiving, lent him some books written by the Rev:

Robert Riccaltoun : these were of much use in informing his judgment respecting the way of salvation.”

Having reaped the reward of meritorious exertion in the sea-service; about 1775, he relinquished all connexion with it, and in the succeeding year was elected one of the corporation of Scarborough, and in five years afterward called to the magistracy of the Borough ; an office which he ably sustained, and exerted the power with which he was invested for the punishment of evil doers and the praise of them that did well. He was afterward three several years 1784, 1790 and 1799, elected Chief Magistrate and continued a member of the corporate body until he was the Father of it, when he withdrew from public life in 1816, in order, as he always stated, that he might have leisure to pursue objects of eternal import.

In the year 1784 he filled the office of President of the Amicable Society of the town, of which excellent institution he had been a Member for the space of nearly half a century. He wrote some appropriate “ Admonitions to be delivered to each boy going out of the school ;” and when the Rules of the society were revised

in 1804, he was president of a Committee appointed for that purpose. He was also President of the Trinity House, having previously sustained the office of Warden of the Institution.

For several years prior to the publication of his History, he lived as, and truly supported the character of, an independent gentleman ; during which period he was maturing his great work—" *The History and Antiquities of Scarborough,*" which, in the Autumn of the year 1798, made it's appearance in one 4to. volume, and in the publication of which he conferred a lasting obligation upon his native town ; which idea has been expressed with great poetic energy and feeling in the " *Lines on Scarborough Castle,*" from the MSS. of George Bennet, the Younger, inserted in " *The Scarborough Album.*" Writing of the ruins of the Castle, he thus addresses them :

Could I embody thee, or plant a tongue
 So that thou couldst thy History relate,
 From that dark hour to this, or tell thy fate
 Thro' years forgotten now—but these remain unsung.
 And HE—whose care, whose watchful care hath been
 To wrest from dark oblivion's hand thy scene ;

Scearburg ! demands a noble boon of thee ;
 For should thy tale be told in after years,
 When nought, perchance, is heard of thy compeers ;
 When empires sink, and all, alas ! shall be
 As erst wild chaos, or when Britain's fame
 Shall sink like Greece, or live but in a name ;
 His record be thy glory, and thy pride,
 That thou hadst sons less worthy far than He ;
 Since genius sunk forgotten ; when the free
 In phalanx stood, to combat side by side.
 Yes ! Scearburg—if remains a debt untold
 Which worth and genius now demand
 From thy remunerating hand ;
 HE—is thy Creditor, his claim behold,
 And if of ought of justice yet there be,
 Or thanks of feeling due—'tis HINDERWELL to thee !”

The History of Scarborough was ushered in-
 to the world with a dedication “ To the Magis-
 trates of the Borough of Scarborough, the Bur-
 gesses, and Inhabitants at large ;” in which,
 with much humility, the Author states that “ the
 motives which induced him to this undertaking,
 were, neither the prospect of emolument, nor the
 ambition of acquiring literary fame:—to the for-
 mer, he writes, “ I had not the most distant re-
 gard, and to the latter, I could not have the
 vanity to aspire, from a conviction of my own
 inability. A predilection for the place of my

nativity stimulated me to the work ;” and in his *Preface*, he continues in the same strain of humility: “An indulgence is requisite, as the work was not originally intended for publication, but was merely the amusement of leisure hours, and is now offered to the public, solely from a hope of it’s being found, in some degree, useful ; yet with all the imperfections of a writer unaccustomed to compose for the press.” Dr. Belcombe, who was at that period the resident Physician, communicated a valuable account of the Mineral Waters, with some Strictures on Sea Bathing ; and W. Travis, Esq. furnished a portion of the matter forming the department of Natural History, and several documents relative to it’s Antient History, and an offer was made to insert his name, jointly with that of Mr. Hinderwell, in the title-page, which was, however, declined.*

* It may prove useful to Book-collectors to enumerate the plates which the first edition should possess :

1. Frontispiece : View of Scarborough. *J. Hornsey, del.*
Topham, sculp.
2. Plan of Scarborough, p. 1.
3. Arms and Seal of the Borough, p. 144.
4. Vicinity of Scarborough, p. 241.
5. View of Whitby, p. 267.
6. ———Hackness, p. 282.

All the reviewers spoke highly in commendation of the Work, and Mr. Bigland, in his "*Beauties of Yorkshire*," gives the following strong recommendation :

" *The History of Scarborough*, by T. Hinderwell, Esq. is one of the most accurate and interesting of all the topographical works relating to this or any other part of England. It ought to have a place in every library, and to be a companion to every one that visits the romantic scenery of Scarborough, as it furnishes a complete history and description, not only of the town and its stupendous castle, but of the surrounding country as far as Whitby, Kirby-moor-side, Helmsley, Duncombe Park, Castle Howard, Driffield, and Bridlington." I once shewed this to Mr. Hinderwell, who thought it too high a commendation.

To this we may add the favourable opinion of the late William Hutton, F.A.S.S. expressed in the following words, in his '*Scarborough Tour* :'

" Accompanying my daughter to the Spaw the evening before my departure, I was struck with a list of names, hanging up in the room, of subscribers to *The History of Scarborough*.

I was sorry I must leave without a sight of the book ; for I had taken a place in the mail. “You may hire it in Newborough,” said a friend. I waited the next morning till the bookseller opened shop, offering him a shilling for the loan, of two hours, and desposit a guinea for security: He knew that I was a *Spawer*,* and, by my eagerness, that I *must* purchase ; which I did, and, different from matrimony, without repentance. Had the book fallen into my hands only one day sooner, I should certainly have paid my respects to the author, *Thomas Hinderwell, Esq.*; to whom I present my best thanks, for the pleasure it has given, and the information acquired.” On a subsequent visit of Mr. Hutton to Scarborough, he had an interview with Mr. Hinderwell.†

The following extract of a letter from the Rev. J. L. Sisson, M.A. Author of the “*Historic*

* The Visitors are thus denominated as being, the greater part, drinkers of the Spaw waters.

† For an account of Mr. Hutton’s several visits to Scarborough, (in which he was accompanied by his daughter, for the benefit of her health, which was re-established by the use of the waters and bathing) see his *Life*, written by himself, p. 337, 341, 343, second edit. 1807.

Sketch of the Parish Church, Wakefield, &c. affords a just estimate of the contents of the work under consideration :

“It is my practice, whenever I am going into a town, with which I am previously unacquainted, to obtain all the information I can respecting it's antiquities and local history ; in the course of my excursions from home I have collected several volumes on these subjects, but I can safely say there is not one amongst them of more intrinsic value than Mr. Hinderwell's *“History and Antiquities of Scarborough.”* Prior to my visiting that ancient borough I had carefully perused his work, and whilst spending some time there in the summer of last year, I had the opportunity of comparing the statements of Mr. Hinderwell with conclusions drawn from my own personal observations and researches. It is hardly necessary to add, that I invariably found these statements to be correct. The book is at present rather scarce, and therefore it may not be here out of place to give a few notices of it's contents. It commences with an enquiry into the origin of Scarborough ; of the invasion of the Romans and their occupation in the neighbourhood, as proved by the remains of military ways and other Roman works still ex-

isting in the immediate vicinity: The incursions of the Saxons and Danes are then briefly but pertinently touched upon, and Mr. Hinderwell proceeds to the antient History of the town wherein he displays much antiquarian *tact* and ability. This portion of the work contains a well written account of the Castle, the Convents and Hospitals as they once existed, together with a detail of the various transactions, which occurred whilst Scarborough Castle was considered an important Fortress. In addition to other particulars is a list of the Constables of the Castle, who held that honourable office before the 16th of Edward the third, and amongst them I find the name of John de Mowbray, a warrior of note, in memory of whom, or at least of one of his near relatives I have no doubt that the sepulchral effigy, now desposited in the Old Town-Hall, was originally sculptured.

The Antiquity of the Borough is very satisfactorily established, and it appears probable from the result of Mr. Hinderwell's researches, that Scarborough was a borough by prescription, and that some of the privileges, whereby it laid claim to that title, might have been granted during the reign of the Saxon Monarchs; this however, the author very judiciously refrains

from insisting on, and contents himself with proving from records and other documents, that the town was incorporated in 1181, *tempore* Henry II. This portion of the volume will probably prove least interesting to the general reader, but the Antiquary will justly reckon it the most valuable. Amongst other records quoted is a list of not less than nineteen Chartered Companies, which flourished in the borough in 1468, of these only remain *three*, or, if the Joiners and Coopers are to be reckoned the successors of the *Carpentarii*, only *four* now remain.

With these records ends the ancient history of the town: the remainder of the volume, as far as regards Scarborough itself, will afford every information to the casual visiter, who wishes an account of the place, as it now is. Mr. Hinderwell enters at large into a description of the modern town, of it's Church and other places of religious worship, it's population, Climate, Waters, Charitable Institutions, and every other particular worthy of note. Here, too, he has availed himself of the assistance of his friends Dr. Belcombe and Mr. W. Travis; the former of whom has given a medical notice of the Scarborough Spaws, and the latter a valuable list of Plants, Shells, &c. to be found in the

neighbourhood and on the shore.

The concluding part of the volume contains sketches of the ancient and modern history of several places in the vicinity, and though this be the last portion of Mr. Hinderwell's labours, it is far from being the least deserving of commendation. Amongst other places noticed is Hunmanby, from the Vicarage-house of which the author has copied a very classical inscription,*which I have no hesitation in attributing to the pen of Archdeacon Wrangham, the present Vicar. I have entered much more diffusely into the examination of this volume than I at first intended, but much less than it deserves. It does infinite credit to the Author, and must always rank high amongst the local histories of the kingdom."

The Author of "*Prose, by a Poet*;" the Rev. Archdeacon Wrangham, and many other literary characters have likewise added their testimonies to the interest and excellence of the matter contained in the volume.

* Mr. Sisson has evidently formed his opinion of the work from a perusal of the second edition, as this inscription does not appear in the 4to. one.

The first edition of *The History of Scarborough* has now become *scarce*: it consisted of five hundred copies, and the author and publisher (Mr. J. Schofield, of Scarborough) cleared, each, 50*l.* by the production; which, although consisting of upward of 350 pages, and having withal plates, was published at the low price of 10*s.* 6*d.*

The poetical description of Hackness, given at p. 289, and said to be written by a Barrister, was in fact the production of the Rev. Dr. Scott, who was at that period resident in that fertile vale; but Mr. Hinderwell did not then know it to be the offspring of the Doctor's muse.

The Author being on a visit at *Matlock* whilst the latter sheets were passing through the press, will account for the errors in the spelling of the names of the Painters, in the Castle Howard collection of Pictures.*

* The following corrections are taken from a copy marked by J. Jackson, Esq. R. A.: P. 329 "Castle Howard has a longer line of front than Blenheim House"—*Error*. Castle Howard is not quite equal to Blenheim in the length of it's front. P. 333. I. Instead of "Abraham and Isaac, by *Rembrandt*," read by *Flink*. II. "Prince of Parma and his Dwarf, by *Correggio*"—*more probably Guido*. III. "King Charles on horseback, by *Vandyck*." *Copy by old Stone*. "Lord Northumberland by *Vandyck*." *Copy*. IV. "St. James's Park, by *Ricciarelli*"—*Marco Ricci*.

In 1799, he drew up, for the benefit of a poor lame boy, the '*Authentic Narratives of affecting Incidents at Sea,*' depicting the grandeur of the tempest in strong and awful, but correct language: his descriptions we had almost said, are inimitably well drawn; we become as it were, spectators of the terrific scene and witness all the horrors of the storm. The intrepidity of British Seamen is exhibited in striking colours; and, as being illustrative of our subject, the following, containing the character of English Sailors, from a work, entitled "*Letters on England,*" translated from the Spanish, will not unappropriately appear:

"Voltaire has the merit of having discovered the physical cause of the superiority of the English at sea. The natives of the South of Europe navigate the smooth seas; those of the North are frozen up during the winter; but the English seas are navigated in long dark stormy nights, when nothing but great skill, and incessant exertion, can preserve the vessel. Hence arises a degree of confidence in their sailors, which is almost incredible; the greater the danger the greater the activity. Instead of shrinking from toil, every man is at his post. Added to this confidence, they have also in war, that

which arises from constant success. The English sailor feels that he is master of the sea. Whatever he sees, is to do him homage. He is always on the look out, not with the fear of an enemy before his eyes, but like a strong pirate, with the hopes of gain; and when going into action with an equal, or even a superior force, he calculates his profits as certain as if the enemy were taken. "There," said the master of a frigate, when the Captain did not choose to engage a superior French force, because he had a convoy in charge—"there," said he with a groan, "there's £700 lost to me for ever." As for fear it is not in their nature. One of these men went to see a juggler exhibit his tricks; there happened to be a quantity of gunpowder in the apartment underneath, which took fire, and blew up the house. The sailor was thrown into a garden behind, where he fell without being hurt. He stretched his arms, and legs, got up, shook himself, rubbed his eyes, and then cried out, conceiving what had happened to be only a part of the performance, and perfectly willing to go through the whole, "I wonder what the fellow will do next."

In 1801 he was successful in obtaining—what his humanity had long wished to accomplish—

a subscription adequate to the purchase of a *Life-Boat*, which was built in that year, upon Mr. Greathead's plan, and has been the means of preserving many vessels, and the lives of their crews. He also aided the object at Filey, by liberally contributing toward defraying the expenses of building the Boat and the House in which she is placed, at that town.

In 1806 he conceived a design, which his friend Mr. Hornsey embodied, for an "engraving to commemorate Mr. Wilberforce's ardent exertions for the abolition of the African Slave Trade,—and his election, for the fifth time, as representative in Parliament for the County of York;" which, "with the purest motives, he consigned to the patronage of the public," accompanied by the following explanation :

"The inscription round the oval of the engraving has a reference to Mr. Wilberforce's late election. The acclamations on that occasion, are supposed to have reached the shore of Africa, and to have been reverberated—"Africa exulting echoes in responsive acclamation—WILBERFORCE!"—A fettered slave is represented in an attitude of enraptured thanksgiving, shaking his chains with joy, on the auspicious event. It is dedicated to Mr. Wilber-

force, and originated in a veneration for his virtues."

He was at all proper times foremost in urging the expediency of an appeal to the British Legislature for the mitigation and ultimate abolition of Slavery in our Colonies. There was a pamphlet printed on the subject, in Scarborough, a few years since which was attributed to Mr. Hinderwell, but, as there was some doubt respecting it's being really the production of our Historian's pen, I have not re-printed the tract. Mr. Archdeacon Wrangham supports me in what I have here advanced, by observing—"for the earnest interest which he took about the abolition of the Slave Trade, he could not be too vehemently approved and admired."

I cannot permit this opportunity to escape, without expressing my admiration of the talents and zeal manifested at a late meeting on this occasion in our Town-Hall, which shewed that we yet possess somewhat of that spirit which warmed the breast of Hinderwell.

In 1807 he wrote a humorous account of the Festivities at Hutton Bushel, near Scarborough, on the coming of age of George Osbaldeston, Esq., which appeared in "*The York Chronicle*."

A Jubilee Dinner in honour of Mr. B. Johnson, a celebrated musical character of Scarborough, who Oct. 3rd, 1810, completed his 100th year, afforded an occasion for a display of the talents of Mr. Hinderwell, “when several poetical compositions, by him and Archdeacon Wrangham, were sung and recited with great applause at the Freemasons’ Hall. The selections of vocal music were well adapted for the occasion ; and his musical friends here, assisted by the principal choristers from York Cathedral, afforded the company much gratification. About ten o’clock at night the good old man bore a part in a quartet, by performing on the violoncello the bass to a minuet, which he had himself composed upward of sixty years before.”*

In the year 1811 appeared a new edition of his History of Scarborough,† dedicated to William Wilberforce, Esq., M.P.; with several im-

* For a full account of this Jubilee, see *The Gentleman’s Mag.* vol. 80.

† The following is a list of the plates which should accompany this edition :

1. Frontispiece : View of Scarborough, by Mr. Hornsey.
2. Arms and Seal of the Borough, with autographs of Sir Hugh Cholmeley and Sir John Lawson, p. 162.
3. Plan of Scarborough, p. 176.
4. Vicinity of Scarborough, p. 255.

portant additions. It was printed on demy and royal 8vo. and continues to have as great and regular a sale as any local History with which I am acquainted. Among other additional matter is a representation of a copper-plate* appertaining to a tomb-stone dug up in the burial ground of the Church of St. Nicholas (p. 125); a list of the Bailiffs of Scarborough from the year 1609; a selection of monumental inscriptions from the Church, a Copy of the Will of Robert North, Esq.† &c. &c.

Mr. Hinderwell wrote an extended work on the Prophecies, but it was never published. It received the high approbation of the Rev. Thomas Gisborne, the Author of ‘*Walks in a Forest*,’ &c., which may be considered as no inconsiderable test of it’s merit. A lady of rank, who was on a visit at Scarborough, by some means received intelligence that Mr. H. had written such a work, of which she earnestly begged the loan, and on returning it to the author,

* The inscription upon it, has been transcribed at length Pater William de Thornton, “who was a monk and living in the year 1220, upward of 50 years after the Church and Monastery of St. Nicholas were founded at Scarborough.” The original is now in the possession of Mr. Cracknell.

† At his instigation, in 1823, I undertook the separate publication of the Biographical Sketch of Mr. North.

sent, as a token of her approbation of it, a £10 note, which she requested he would distribute according to his discretion.

In the early part of his life he published, in the *Periodical Prints*, some Papers on the situation and construction of *Light-Houses*, and was afterward gratified in observing that his hints had not been offered in vain.

A Society, peculiarly fitted for the display of his abilities, and congenial with the devotional feelings of his heart—no other than the *Scarborough Auxiliary Bible Society* was formed in the town, on the 24th. February, 1812; when he accepted the office of President, in the following terms: “The honour conferred upon me in the appointment to the office of President, demands my most respectful acknowledgments; and I have only to regret my incompetency to the discharge of it’s important duties, but if an ardent zeal in the cause, can compensate for the want of abilities, I hope that my exertions to promote the success of the institution, will meet with your approbation.” We present the following as specimens of the style of his addresses on these occasions:

“In this enlightened assembly it is scarcely necessary to observe that the Bible is a divine

revelation, the faithful transcript of the mind and will of God, the precious gift of heaven. It is the "Cloud by day, the Pillar of fire by night," the guide and light through the trackless regions of the wilderness to the promised land, the heavenly Canaan, the celestial paradise. What a chaos would the world be without the Scriptures! How dark the path, how gloomy the pilgrimage of life, without the cheering rays of the Gospel! Destitute of the light of revelation, man is in a deplorable state of darkness and inbecility; ignorant, depraved, helpless, without Christ, without hope, and without God in the world.

The institution of the British and Foreign Bible-Society reflects a distinguished lustre on this age and country, and will stand a perpetual monument of unparalleled beneficence. Under the auspices of this Society, the Scriptures have been translated into various languages; and some hundreds of thousands of Bibles and Testaments have been issued from the depository in London, independently of those which have been circulated under its patronage beyond the limits of the United Kingdom. From Labrador to Lapland;—from Lapland to the shores of the Eastern ocean, the unenlightened natives have experienced its genial influence. In Rus-

sia, in Sweden, in Denmark, in Germany, in Asia, in America, Auxiliary Bible-Societies, under the patronage of the Parent-Institution, have been formed. Like the electric spark, the vivid spirit which has been excited, operates with the quickness of lightning, and may proceed in it's career until an unextinguishable flame be kindled over the whole of the habitable globe. An Institution so spotless in it's origin, so beneficent, so comprehensive in it's object, bears the characteristic marks of divine authority. It is the work of Almighty God, the powerful operation of his Spirit on the minds of men; and the salutary effects, at home and abroad, will be largely experienced: at home, in exciting a more general research into the treasures of Divine wisdom—abroad, in dispelling the gloom of heathen darkness. To promote the moral welfare of mankind, to enlarge the sphere of human knowledge and human happiness, is doubtless an object of great importance. But to provide consolation for the afflicted, to illuminate the soul with the rays of Divine light, to brighten the prospects of futurity, to lead the spirit in the way of holiness to the mansion of eternal felicity, is an effort unquestionably far more exalted.

The prosperity of the nation is intimately

connected with the prosperity of religion ; but it is deeply to be lamented that many of the lower classes, even of the British community, are as dark, in a spiritual sense, as the most unenlightened heathens. The consequences are awful. Crimes of a gigantic nature abound. Daring men, hardened by vice, and unrestrained by the fear of God, perpetrate the most atrocious villainies, without concern and without remorse. The torrent of iniquity overflows the moulds of the law, and proceeds in it's desolating course with irresistible impetuosity. It is time, therefore, to awake from that lethargic indolence which has too long paralysed our exertions. The child of poverty ought to be the child of public adoption, and as such to be trained with the tenderest care, and the most unremitting vigilance. The religious instruction of the poor is of vital importance ; and there is no other efficient mode of impeding the progress of vice, and meliorating the state of society. Christianity is the most powerful promoter of civilisation. It softens the public manners, fosters the kind affections of humanity, teaches men to "fear God and honour the King, to be diligent in business, fervent in spirit, serving the Lord ;" and if it were universally practised, would diffuse universal tranquillity and felicity.

Have we, then, any regard to our fellow-mortals, our personal safety, our religion, our God, we shall manifest that regard by our cordial and liberal support of an Institution, the grand object of which is to civilise and evangelise the world.”

The following paragraph displays the warmth of his affection for his native town :

“ Highly endeared to me is the place of my nativity by a peaceful residence of more than half a century—strongly am I attached to it by the ties of friendship, affection and gratitude, and I feel a lively interest in all that regards it’s honour and prosperity. Under these impressions, I see with unaffected satisfaction the numerous attendance of it’s respectable inhabitants, an evident proof of alacrity and zeal in the cause. We are not assembled to celebrate any splendid achievement of our fleets or armies, to consecrate some banner steeped in blood ; but to form a cordial union in support of an institution, the object of which is to break down the strong-holds of the powers of darkness, and eventually, it may be hoped, to prepare the world for universal peace. Upon this important occasion, our gratulations may flow without restraint, and we may exult with-

out the imputation of vanity, that Scarborough will be honourably recorded among the British towns associated in such a beneficent design."

The subjoined are animated specimens of his Speech at the second Anniversary Meeting :

"Twice has the sun performed his annual revolution, dispensing light and heat to the globe, since we first assembled in this place, for the support of the noblest cause that ever occupied the notice, or interested the feelings of mankind. The sun, the moon, the stars, the varying seasons, heaven, and earth, and air, and the mighty ocean, obedient to the laws of their great Creator, incessantly proclaim his glory.—Praise and thanksgiving constitute the song of angels—to this divine theme they tune their harps of gold. While the celestial courts resound with loud gratulations for the stupendous work of human redemption—while the planets as the roll, and the wide creation, harmoniously unite in declaring the glory of their divine architect—shall not man, the redeeming object of redeeming love, the vicegerent of God on earth, offer to Him the tribute of gratitude and adoration? Shall not we, who have been favoured with an effulgence of Gospel-light, rejoice in the opportunity of diffusing it among

those who are "sitting in darkness and the shadow of death?"

"Love is the touchstone, the grand criterion assigned by our blessed Saviour to discriminate his true disciples from the barren professors of a spurious faith. "By this shall all men know that ye are my disciples, if ye love one another. Whoso hath this world's good, and seeth his brother have need, and shutteth up his bowels of compassion from him, how dwelleth the love of God in him." The faithful disciple of Jesus Christ is a universal philanthropist. The sacred flame of christian love which he cherishes in his bosom, glows with inextinguishable ardour. With sympathetic tenderness, he extends his arms abroad to embrace the whole human race as brethren, and to rejoice in every opportunity of administering to their assistance and consolation. Exercising himself to have a conscience void of offence toward God and toward man, cherishing a spirit of universal benevolence, and studying to adorn the doctrine of his Redeemer in all things, he is, indeed a dignified character, however low he may appear in the estimation of a frivolous and censorious world. "Like the beacon on the top of a mountain, he is a burning and a shining light

to his generation ;” and his bright example will be extensively diffusive. “ Let your light, therefore, so shine before men, that they may see your good works, and glorify your Father which is in heaven.” In honour to the sacred cause in which we are engaged, we should cultivate universal charity, “ the bond of perfectness, and let the peace of God rule in our heart.” Faith and hope will expire, when this mortal existence is terminated ; but charity (love) will survive the stroke, and reign with us in heaven, throughout ages of infinite duration. What will it avail a man to heap up treasures of silver or gold, to add house to house, and field to field, and ship to ship, if he be destitute of christian charity ? Riches will not serve him “ in the day of visitation,” or redeem his body from death. At that awful moment we must bid an eternal adieu to our silver and gold, our houses and lands, ships and merchandise ; to all that can feast the eye and charm the ear ; to the cheerful face of man, to our dearest friends and relatives.—Our days are numbered, and the time is approaching, when the solemn sentence will be pronounced over our graves, “ Earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust.” But while the body is consigned to the tomb, the immortal

spirit will ascend to God who gave it, to enjoy everlasting felicity in heaven, or to suffer eternal punishment in those regions "where hope never cometh." While life remains, therefore, and the fleeting moments are on the wing, we should be solicitous to do the will of our heavenly Father, and to abound in every good and gracious work. "Let us work while it is day, for the night cometh when no man can work." It will then be a consolation to our sinking spirits that we have "stood on the Lord's side," and zealously persevered in promoting his glory, and the felicity of our fellow beings."

On the first and second anniversaries of the meeting, he published the speeches he then delivered, which, not meeting a sale commensurate with the expense, deterred him from afterward publishing his elaborate harangues.

He sustained the office of President with great honour to himself and to the success of the Society and cause till the year of his demise; preparing an address for each anniversary equal in merit of composition to those already published. His venerable appearance and style of elocution on such occasions commanded attention; which, when once fixed, the feeling of reverence for the Speaker would in-

evitably follow. In October, 1823, a special meeting of the Society was convened for the purpose of receiving the Rev. Joseph Hughes, one of the Secretaries of the British and Foreign Bible Society ; and, in order to expedite his progress, the meeting was appointed to be held in the evening—our venerable President filled the chair ; and we recollect the gratifying observations which Mr. Hughes made upon his appearance at his post : he seemed to rejoice exceedingly at, and felt much honoured by, his presence ; observing that a person of his advanced age might easily have found excuses for non-attendance at such an hour, as—his increasing infirmities—the coolness of the evening—and a variety of similar apologies : but a laudable zeal to promote the success of the great undertaking incited him to action, and he was invariably to be found in his official situation at the several meetings of the Society. Such days appeared to be with him Jubilee days, and were probably foretastes of the never-ending Jubilee in heaven.

We cannot in justice omit to notice that he was very ably supported in his important office by the Secretaryship of the Rev. Thomas Irvin.

In consequence of the death of Mr. Hinder-

well, the meeting of the Society, which usually took place in February, has been postponed. Had it been held at that time, Mr. Bottomley declared that he *could not* have appeared so soon after the death of his highly esteemed friend. His feelings paid a strong tribute of respect to the memory of one who had so lately held "an habitation" among us, and who yet sustains "a name." It must be acknowledged that Mr. Bottomley's appearance and address on these occasions afforded a high zest to the assembled company. His harangues abounded with originality of idea.

Mr. Hinderwell was, also, one of the chief Patrons of the *Humane Society* for the recovery of Persons in a state of suspended animation, of which he was President.

In the Spring of 1823 appeared his *Lines descriptive of Scarborough*, which are allowed to display much poetic feeling. They were, however, written several years previously to this period, as some of the lines have a reference to 'the late War.' They bear a striking affinity to Dyer's '*Grongar Hill*.'

In 1824 he wrote a reply to a Quære in "*The Scarborough Repository*" respecting the de-

rivation of the word **Rain-Cliff**, which is given to a range of hills near Scarborough ; which also includes the etymology of the latter place.

Like a worthy character of the last century he was unwilling to leave the roads in the immediate vicinity of his native place in an unimproved state; accordingly he, in conjunction with **John Woodall, jun. Esq.**, continued what the Corporation had so well begun, and formed a good foot-path from the **Grove-head** into the rural lanes conducting to **Falsgrave**, which was one of his favourite walks; as “air and exercise; sobriety and temperance; his mind at ease, and a good conscience, were the grand supporters of his health and the guardians of his declining years.”

He arrived at a vigorous old age, which may in a great measure be attributed to his temperate style of living,

“As in his youth he never did apply
Hot and rebellious liquors in his blood;
Therefore his age was as a lusty winter,
Frosty but kindly.”

I have heard him observe that he had followed the rules of *Cornaro* from a very early period of life; and he considered that those of the present age would do well to attend to his salutary advice. I have seen him in his 80th year

move with the agility of a youth of twenty.

It was in the *Winter* of 1824 that I first marked the traces of decay in his frame, but after “the Parent of Storms” had retired, I saw with the succeeding *Spring*, a transient revival, but the Suns of *Summer* matured the growth of his years, and *Autumn* came and found him full of piety and full of days; “as a shock of corn, ripe with age, and laden with plenty, cometh in, in his *Season*, and has, we humbly trust, placed his spirit

“Beneath the beams of everlasting suns ;”

“mingling with an innumerable company of angels, and rejoicing around the throne of the Lamb: rejoicing in the fruition of present felicity, and in the assured expectation of an inconceivable addition to his bliss; when God shall call the heavens from above, and the earth that he may judge his people.”

His spirit

“Burst from the thralldom of incumb’ring clay,”

on the 22nd of October, 1825, in the 81st*

* Length of years may be considered, through the blessing of Providence, in some measure hereditary, in illustration of which, I bring forward the following inscriptions from the Tomb of his Parents:

year of his age ; and his remains were desposited, about 8 o'clock* in the morning of the 26th, in the family burial-place, in the Church-yard of St. Mary, Scarborough. The following energetic lines by a poet cotemporary with Shakspeare, and breathing the soul-like spirit of the immortal bard are strikingly appropriate upon this mournful occasion :

“ And thou, deare earth, yt. enshrinest ye. dust,
By heauen now committed to thy trust,
Keepe it as precious as ye. richest mine
That lies entomb'd in ye. rich wombe of thine,
That after times may know yt. much lou'd mould
Fro' others dust, and cherish it as gold,

In Memory of Rebekah,
the Wife of Thomas Hinderwell,
who died March 14th, 1797,
Aged 80 years.

Also,
of the above Thomas Hinderwell,
who died June 17th, 1798,
Aged 92 years and 6 Months.

I think it not unlikely that the family of Hinderwell has been of long continuance in the county, and that they originally derived their name from the place bearing the same appellation, near Whitby.

* It may be proper to state that it is usual in the northern counties to inter persons of distinction at an early hour of the morning, as, in the southern ones a custom, directly opposed to it, is the practice—the afternoon being there the time of burial.

On it bee laid some soft but lasting stone,
 With this short epitaph endorst thereon ;
 That euery one may reade and reading weepe :
 'Tis *Scarborough's Historian* whom I keepe."

On the following Sunday, the Rev. John Kirk, M.A. Vicar, spontaneously preached a Sermon on his death from Job XXX. 23., displaying a just estimate of his excellent character ; and in the evening his aged friend, the Rev. Samuel Bottomley, paid a similar tribute of respect to his memory, at the Independent Chapel, in a Sermon from *Numbers XXIII.10.* extracts of which have been published. On Sunday the 6th of Nov., the Rev. J. B. Holroyd endeavoured to improve his death and illustrate his character at the Methodist Chapel, in a Sermon from St. Matthew 24. v. 46 ; in which he stated that he had an interview of an hour with Mr. H. a short time before his decease, and that it was the most comfortable one he ever spent with any man : he said that Mr. H. observed that he could look upon death and the grave without any terror or dismay, and that it was impossible for any one, who had not believed in Jesus and led a life conformably to his divine example, to conceive what he felt"—such was his joy and peace in believing ; and the

preacher continued—"tears of joy beamed in his eyes during this conversation."

During one of my last visits, I enquired of him respecting the state of his feelings; he observed, I am occasionally in great pain, but I bear up as well as I can, and he appeared in an acquiescent and placid state of mind, so much so that he gave directions about the illustrating of the last volume of his *History of Scarborough*. He spoke with a seraphic kind of sweetness to all around him, and presented a genuine picture of patience, meekness, resignation, and fortitude. He was surrounded with what Rousseau terms "necessaries of the mind"—(Books) but those of the body were then but few.

He experienced unspeakable happiness in contemplating certain portions of the *New Testament*; and often spoke on the love of God, particularly as manifested in the death of our Lord Jesus Christ; and appeared to be in a most happy frame of mind.

The following extract from Mr. Bottomley's Sermon will show that he had not too high an opinion of his own strength, at the last eventful hour:

"In my last interview," writes Mr. B., "three days before his death, his pains had been so a-

cute, that he felt some dread of the dying agony, lest at his last hour such pain should produce impatience, and requested me to pray for and with him to the Holy and merciful Saviour for an easy passage through the gate of death, after which he said the prayer was refreshing to him and he trusted the request would be granted. It was so. His death was so easy that it could scarcely be distinguished when he breathed his last."

This was in fact praying for that preparation for death so animatingly invoked in the Poem of a late Bishop of London :

" At thy good time

Let death approach ; I reckon not—let him but come
In genuine form, not with thy vengeance arm'd,
Too much for man to bear. O rather lend
Thy kindly aid to mitigate the stroke :
And at that hour when all aghast I stand
(A trembling candidate for thy compassion)
On this world's brink, and look into the next :
When my soul starting from the dark unknown,
Casts back a wishful look, and fondly clings
To her frail prop, unwilling to be wrench'd
From this fair scene, from all her custom'd joys
And all the lovely relatives of life ;
Then shed thy comforts o'er me, then put on
The gentlest of thy looks. Let no dark crimes
In all their hideous forms now starting up,

Plant themselves round my couch in grim array,
 And stab my bleeding heart with two-edg'd torture,
 Sense of past guilt, and dread of future woe,
 Far be the ghastly crew! And in their stead
 Let cheerful Memory from her purest cells
 Lead forth a goodly train of virtues fair,
 Cherish'd in earliest youth, now paying back
 With tenfold usury the pious care,
 And pouring o'er my wounds the heav'nly balm
 Of conscious innocence. But chiefly, *Thou*
 Whom soft-eyed Pity once led down from heav'n,
 To bleed for man, to teach him how to live,
 And, oh! still harder lesson! how to die;
 Disdain not *Thou* to smooth the restless bed
 Of Sickness and of Pain."

The following poetical piece, by *Edmeston*, so sweetly portrays "*Tranquil Death*," that, as I have reason to believe it was well known to Mr. Hinderwell, and being so truly descriptive of his own departure, I cannot refrain to introduce it:

How calm is the summer sea wave!
 How softly is swelling it's breast;
 The bank it just reaches to lave,
 Then sinks on it's bosom to rest.
 No dashing, nor foaming, nor roar,
 But mild as a zephyr it's play;
 It's drops scarcely heard on the shore,
 And passes in silence away.

As calm is the action of death
 On the halcyon mind of the just ;
 As gently he rifles their breath,
 As gently dissolves them to dust.
 Not a groan, nor a pain, nor a tear,
 Nor a grief, nor a wish, nor a sigh,
 Nor a cloud, nor a doubt, nor a fear,
 But as calm as a slumber they die.

The death of so bright an ornament to Scarborough was the occasion of universal regret. He was a man of whom the inhabitants might justly feel proud ; and whose loss will be greatly and lastingly felt ; as his talents eminently qualified him for the elucidation of concerns of high importance connected with the town ; and he certainly did not depart from the stage of human life without leaving the inhabitants of his native place wiser, and we trust better, an object which every good man would certainly wish to attain.

He bequeathed by will towards re-building the Trinity Alms Houses £100 ; to the Amicable Society £50 ; to the Lancasterian School £20 ; to the School of Industry £20 ; and to avoid the ostentation of a public funeral, his Nephew and Executors distributed fifty pounds worth of bread to the poor, a few days after his death.

He was a great advocate for the erection of a new Church at Scarborough, and very active in promoting the subscriptions (himself contributing £70) and taking a part in the management; and I am happy to observe that a meeting of the Subscribers was held about a fortnight before his death to fix upon the style of building, when the draught of the architectural erection was submitted to his inspection and approval.

It appeared to be one of the chief amusements of the leisure hours of the latter years of his life to collect and arrange portraits, views, &c. to illustrate a copy of the first edition of his '*History of Scarborough*,' which collection he had completed a few days before his demise, and distended the work to three thick volumes. It possesses, besides numerous well executed drawings, almost every published view of Scarborough* and the places within the circumference of from twenty to thirty miles. The MS. additions are also considerable and interesting, and would prove extremely useful to the Edi-

* It unfortunately, however, does not possess the *very scarce* view by *Fra. Place*. But, perhaps, some collector may exclaim—not so unfortunate either, for it would have been a murderous effort to have folded up that fine two-sheet plate to the dimensions of a demy 4to.

for of a new edition of the work.

The late R. S. Robson, Esq. had many years filled the office of Clerk of the Pier-Commission, and upon the Rev. Archdeacon Wrangham's proposing Mr. Thornton as his successor, a short period after Mr. Hinderwell's death, among other grounds of recommendation, he named the relation in which Mr. T. stood to Mr. Hinderwell; and seized the opportunity of stating *very briefly*, his opinion of the character of the subject of this memoir. I understand it was an unpremeditated, but honest homage to departed worth.

Mr. Hinderwell devoted some portion of the latter years of his life, to the study of Natural History, and had formed a select and well arranged Museum, consisting of Minerals, Fossils, and Pebbles, with a miscellaneous assemblage of Antiquities; among which may be specified "a curious capital belonging to a carved cross. It was discovered in the foundation of the ancient chapel, which stood in Scarborough Castle-yard, mentioned by Leland, in his '*Itinerary*.' It is about two feet high, fifteen inches broad, and twelve inches thick; and has a perforation through the centre, from top to bottom, for receiving the iron bar which has fixed it on it's carved pillar.

One side exhibits the crucifixion, under an ornamental canopy, with a figure on each side of the cross, representing Mary and John ; on the opposite side, also under a canopy, is the Virgin and the Babe, in a sitting posture ; and at each end is a figure in a pontifical habit, with mitre and cross. From the style of the sculpture, the cross may be supposed to be nearly coeval with the Castle." II. The Head of a Crocodile from the alum beds near Whitby, which is considered a very interesting specimen ; with numerous other articles of great value.

CHARACTER.

Having now traced the subject of this sketch through the several stages of a life but little deversified by circumstance, it remains that I endeavour to display his character ; which was compounded of a series of public and private virtues ; and in such a review, his *Piety* should, of course, have the pre-eminence ; of the genuineness of which we have abundance of proof : he was in fact a man of distinguished piety, and we think his talents would have peculiarly fitted him for the Church, in which, we conceive,

he would have shone as an eminent member: witness his forcible and appropriate Speeches at the Bible Society—his excellent papers on the Sabbath—and the Report of his address at the Independent Chapel, as given in the Rev. S. Bottomley's Sermon. Although professedly a member of the Church of England, he was no Bigot, as a part of his devotions on the Sabbath (for the strict observance of which day he was a strenuous advocate) was offered up in various places of worship. During the period of his magistracy in 1799, he drew up an affectionate address to the Inhabitants of Scarborough upon the religious observance of the Sabbath. In the year 1822, he reprinted this Paper in a revised state; his motive for doing so may be inferred from the additional matter: "It has long been regretted that the profanation of the Sabbath is so notorious in many instances, during the Summer-season, that the strangers who visit the town, frequently exclaim, "surely there is no fear of God in this place."—At all events Mr. Hinderwell *endeavoured* to "restore virtue to it's dignity, and at all times taught innocence not to be ashamed."

His religious sentiments were purely evangelical. I have heard him observe that his at-

tempts to read a Sermon destitute of such principles were never successful.

I once offered Maturin's Sermons for his perusal, and he considered them perfectly original compositions, displaying the vigorous efforts of a sublime genius. I much regret that I never put into his hands the admirable Discourses of the Rev. C. Bradley, (for I believe he never saw them) as I am well convinced they would have charmed his mind and elevated his spirit to the fountain of all good: they are among the most admirable specimens of pulpit composition of the present day.

I am aware that some of my readers will expect a long account of his experience in the divine life, but I can adduce nothing more than what I have already brought forward; Mr. H. appeared, indeed, a man of more feeling in *mind* than *expression*.

There was not the least mark of gloom in his religion; indeed it is not, or at least should not be the badge of a Christian. "St. Peter lays it down as an evident fact, that a faithful Christian is joyful. He does not say to those to whom he addresses his epistle—"In believing on the Son of God, I beseech you rejoice,"—

but, “ye *do* rejoice with joy unspeakable ;” and it ought to be remarked ; that at the time in which St. Peter wrote to them in this manner, they were threatened with various evils, from the absolute power of the Gentiles, and the implacable fury of the Jews.”

Charity, taken in it's widest acceptation, formed a prominent feature in the character of this distinguished person. One who had been his friend for upward of half a century, has said, “I have never known an undertaking in this town, in which Charity was concerned, whether in feeding the hungry, clothing the naked, instructing the ignorant,* visiting the afflicted, or saving the drowning, but Mr. H. took an active and principal part in it”—all were participators of his bounty. Indeed it was such fruit as we should expect from a man of his goodness—we could not anticipate, from the graces engrafted in his mind, other, and unappropriate, actions—*he did not live to himself*—he was no unprofitable servant.—From what we have before advanced, it will be discovered

* He drew up a Paper which he had printed and circulated, entitled “*A New Year's Gift for the Poor;*” and, for the benefit of a necessitous individual, he reprinted a tract, called “*A Message from God,*” founded on Judges III. v. 20,

that he had nothing of a party spirit, but cultivated an enlarged charity for all mankind.

He was a man of great *Humility* ; by no means proud of his abilities ; and possessed nothing of a self-righteous spirit, but depended on the precious righteousness of his Saviour, for acceptance with God.

In his *Friendship* there was much sincerity, as his worthy colleague Mr. Bottomley, between whom there had been a reciprocity of affection for a long series of years, is ready to acknowledge ; who has, indeed, observed that his *friendship* and *goodness* were unlimited. He has also spoken highly of his *Meekness* and *Patience*.

The Rev. Archdeacon Wrangham has paid the following eulogium to his memory : “ His whole life, since I at least had the privilege of observing it, seemed to be a continued effort to do good.” Indeed were I to speak of all those whose high opinion his virtues had conciliated, I might enumerate almost the whole population of Scarborough and it’s vicinage, besides several distinguished personages in various parts of the kingdom, as he was in correspondence with some of the most celebrated characters of his

time, and was an ardent admirer of the political opinions of Mr. Wilberforce, to whom he was personally known. He was also on terms of intimate friendship with the Rev. Thomas Gisborne, whom he frequently visited during Mr. G's occasional residence at Scarborough. I have heard him speak of the eccentric Dr. Monsey, whom he met in early life at Greenwich; nor must I omit to include that great benefactor to Scarborough, the late R. North, Esq., the founder of the Amicable Society, whose "devout appearance at Church had inspired him with solemn awe." In the notice of his character, inserted in the second addition of *The History of Scarborough*, Mr. H. states, that he "generally appeared to be absorbed in deep meditation, and was accustomed as he walked, to make ejaculatory prayers, or fervent aspirations. Once a year he had a sort of gala-day for the entertainment of his female friends, whom he charmed by his polite attention, the brilliancy of his wit, the anecdotes of his travels, and a variety of interesting observations. With the next morning he resumed his usual seclusion for the ensuing twelvemonth. He had some eccentricities of character, and lived many years in full expectation of the commencement

of the millennium. But that which gave celebrity to his name at Scarborough was, the founding, in the year 1728, of the very useful institution, called the Amicable Society, for clothing and educating the children of the Poor. It is under the government of a President, four Trustees, and four Wardens, annually elected. The fund for the support of this institution arises from weekly subscriptions of the members, collections made in the church, and other voluntary donations."

Mr. N. wrote a Sermon entitled "*A Legacy to Christians*," which he desired might be preached at his Funeral; in which are proposed several arguments and considerations showing the probability of *Future Creations and succeeding Worlds*. As this discourse partakes of the great originality of the author's notions, I need not apologize for inserting a paragraph so pithily expressed as the following:

"I know that a *dead corpse* is a melancholy and moving object; generally attended with mournful faces, and sometimes accompanied with tears and lamentations. But to what purpose is their sorrow? Men cannot by their tears recall a *sinner*; and if they could, it would be cruel to recall a *saint*. It is true were

this grief proceeds from a concern, to see how low human nature has been degraded by sin, it is commendable and just. In this respect, the living may make even a dead body useful to them. But to weep and lament, merely because they are deprived of a friend, or a relation ; as such complaints are unprofitable to the deceased, so are they, perhaps, at least, a weakness in the survivors. For my own part, if any amongst you are disposed to make a present of some tears to me, I thank you, but have no occasion for them. Keep them for yourselves ; but especially for your sins, and misdoings. Were your eyes fountains of water, from whence might issue rivers of tears, they could not all avail to preserve my body from rottenness and corruption. Therefore throw them not away ; since a few of them, if well directed, may be of excellent use toward the washing and cleansing your own souls."

" There is nothing in the world more certain ; few things which present themselves more frequently to men's observation ; and yet scarcely any thing that they are more afraid to think of, than *death*. The apprehensions of it are terrible, the pangs of it sharp and piercing, the coming of it inevitable, and the return from it

impossible. All these circumstances render it exceedingly shocking to human nature; and yet, shocking as they are, draw but a very faint picture of that *second death*, which will infallibly succeed, unless prevented by repentance and a holy life. If the death of the body be so dreadful, which only conveys men out of a world, where none are completely happy; how much more must the death of the soul exceed in terror, which compels them into a world, where all are completely miserable? And if this parting between soul and body, which is but for a time, occasion so much bitterness and anguish; consider, I beseech you, how much greater the smart will be, when, tho' there shall be indeed a reunion of soul and body, yet that reunion will be attended with an eternal parting, an everlasting separation from Him, who is the giver of life, and fountain of all happiness."

In private life Mr. H. was a peculiarly affectionate relative, and, like the celebrated Traveler, Dr. Pocock, of "mild manners and primitive simplicity," but had, nevertheless much penetration in discovering character. *Fortitude*, *Contentment*, and *Gratitude* were eminently conspicuous in his character: a striking instance of the latter virtue came under my observation

during his last illness :

“ Sweet is the breath of vernal show’r ;
 The bee’s collected treasures sweet ;
 Sweet music’s melting fall ; but sweeter yet
 The still small voice of gratitude,

He was, as may be expected, a most loyal subject, and of much moderation in political affairs ; and displayed a truly patriotic spirit when the Scarborough Corps of Volunteer Infantry was formed in the year 1794 ; when, at the meeting at the Town-Hall, in an eloquent Speech, he made a strong appeal to his townsmen to emulate the spirit of their fathers by their persons and purses ; and by a handsome contribution he very liberally furthered this general object of the times.

By the cultivation of his genius he had acquired a happy talent at composition ; the best specimens of which are to be found in his Bible Society Addresses ;* in which there is great ornament of style, his periods being very musically turned and some portions breathing much impassioned feeling. We cannot but admire the display of excursive fancy to which he has oc-

* Since the above was written, the “ *Cursory Remarks on the Times*,” now re-printed, have been put into my hands, and I am constrained to give them the preference in point of composition.

asionally given range ; particularly as evinced near the close of his Bible Society Addresses. Mr. Hinderwell must certainly be “ numbered among the writers who have given ardour to virtue and confidence to truth.”

That he had a high regard for *Time*, “ one of the greatest blessings bestowed by the Almighty on his rational creatures, and that he employed it suitably to the duty and dignity of a rational being”—is very evident, as he had been through life laudably engaged ; and several years before his death retired from the hurry of public life, that he might have leisure to prepare for that future state upon which he has now entered.

He was a man of unbending integrity, and of great probity of conduct ; and could never, by any means, be induced to act contrary to the convictions of his own conscience. While he held the office of Church-warden, it was proposed to hold a Musical Festival in the Church, which he strenuously opposed ; not from a spirit of dissention, but on the grounds, according to his ideas, of it's being a profanation of Sacred Melody, and—attended in the spirit of levity, which, on such occasions he thought was too apparent—must be considered a mockery of the

great Jehovah, who is to be worshipped in spirit and in truth.

The subject of the very last conversation which this excellent man had with me, before he was confined to his room, was *Musical Festivals*, into which he entered with awful solemnity; for he spoke in a most feeling manner, the expression of his countenance bearing evident marks of the concern which his spirit took in the object. In the most sublime manner, he declared, that, visited with that lightness of mind, which too commonly prevails at such meetings of sacred harmony, he should be afraid of appearing under the roof where a congregation had assembled “around the deep and solemn oratorio,” as he should rather fear the judgment than the blessing of God. He seemed to think that “the humility of penitential feeling, or the rapture of grateful acknowledgment, or the sublime of a contemplative piety, or the aspirations of pure and holy purposes,” are too generally wanting—to render “the melody of sound” acceptable to the Deity.

Peace-making was a peculiarly distinguished feature in his character. In June 1820, “a considerable degree of agitation was excited in the discussion of an important subject, ‘the le-

gality of a rate for the repairs of the Parish Church ;' on which occasion Mr. Hinderwell placed himself, to use his own words, " in a delicate and insulated situation, in endeavouring to compose the conflicts of hostile opinions, and restore the discordant elements of society to harmony and peace," by the publication of his views of the subject in an affectionate address 'To the Parishioners of Scarborough.' Nor is this produced as a solitary instance of his display of this heavenly virtue.

He was of a very cheerful disposition, possessed superior descriptive powers in conversation, blended with sweetness and suavity ; and on such occasions he appeared to take great delight in relating anecdotes of events connected with Scarborough in the early period of his life ; and those of a humourous nature he gave with much glee. He frequently contrasted the manners of the times of his early life, with those of his latter days, displaying the simplicity of the former, and the expensive style of the latter, in strong, but amusing, language. Indeed his reminiscences, set in motion by a vigorous mind, were at all times peculiarly gratifying.

He was about the middle size, and in early life very fond of athletic exercises ; in his lat-

ter years he was of venerable aspect, particularly when habited in his winter costume, which peculiarly became the wearer. His features beamed with benevolence, presenting a true picture of that virtue which so characteristically breathed in his soul.—We must not in this craniological age, omit to notice the configuration of his skull, which was long, and such as we should conceive to be the receptacle of genius.

The late ingenious Mr. Allatson Todd produced a good likeness in oil of Mr. Hinderwell, and the lithographic portrait of Mr. H. by J. Jackson, Esq.* displays a correct profile of the Historian. Dr. M'Turk, has, also, delineated a very striking portraiture of this worthy personage, but it is unpublished.

We hope to witness the erection of a handsome monument to his memory, by which may be brought into action the chisel of a *Chantrey* upon his bust, from the early unpublished portrait by Mr. Jackson: a perpetuation of his character in marble may produce some instructive effect, and not be entirely in vain.

Although Mr. H. never entered the matri-

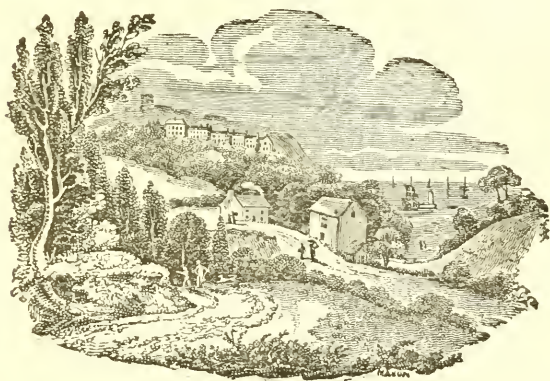
* To those who wish to illustrate this volume with a portrait, I would recommend the one by Jackson as an admirable embellishment.

monial state, he was not insensible to the charms of the fair sex, or impenetrable to the tender passion. There are frequently impediments (as in this case) to the union of congenial minds, which it is not expedient should meet the eye of the public.

He preserved his faculties in full strength to the end; and in the last year of his earthly pilgrimage, it was discovered that he still retained some of the beauties of Virgil in the original. The lines on Hope, written in his 80th year, display the vigour of his intellect at that advanced period.

Before I dismiss my opinions respecting this excellent man, I will endeavour to concentrate his virtues, which I shall do by observing, that his piety was without enthusiasm, his charity without ostentation, his humility genuine, his friendship sincere, his gratitude prominent, his loyalty and patriotism undisputed, and for his impartial administration of justice he might be called an Aristides. He was a blessed peace-maker, like Zacharias and Elizabeth he walked in all the commandments and ordinances of the Lord blameless, and like Nathaniel, he was an Israelite indeed in whom there was no guile. Indeed he was as the *Sun* in the moral and intel-

lectual system of the place of his nativity, surrounded by a *constellation* of virtues, and shedding his benign influence over the whole population of that ancient borough ; for they all, whether great or small, rich or poor, looked up to him, and seemed to borrow lustre from the brilliancy of his declining rays. There were no erratic comet-like movements in his actions, but his life proceeded in one mild and equable tenor, and at length set in a blaze of glory.

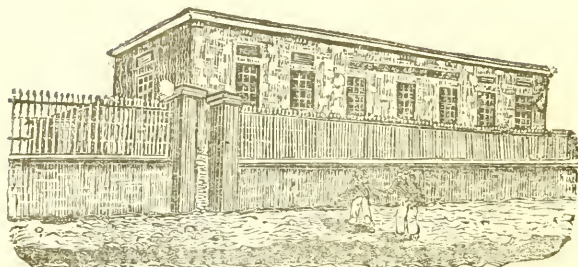


SCARBOROUGH:

PRINTED BY JOHN COLE. 1826.

Autograph of Robert North, Esq.

Robert North,



Schools of the Amicable Society.

Vide p. 47.

THE
Fugitive Pieces
OF
THOMAS HINDERWELL,

Author of "*The History and Antiquities
of Scarborough.*"

———All their parts,
Their virtues all, collected.
THOMSON,

SCARBOROUGH :

PUBLISHED BY JOHN COLE ; AND
LONGMAN, REES, ORME, BROWN, AND GREEN,
LONDON.

1826.



391643

AUTHENTIC

NARRATIVES.

" While jarring interests wake the world to arms,
And fright the peaceful vale with dire alarms,
While Ocean hears vindictive thunders roll,
Along his trembling waves from pole to pole ;
'Tis mine retired beneath this cavern hoar,
That stands so lonely on this sea-beat shore,
To write the moving scenes of sad distress,
And all the dangers of the deep express ;
Here, hostile elements tumultuous rise,
And lawless floods rebel against the skies ;
Till hope expires, and peril and dismay,
Wave their black ensigns on the wat'ry way."

No. 1.

Scarborough, Oct. 1799.

On Friday the sixth of October, 1799, at the dawn of the morning, a vessel in great distress, was discovered at anchor near Filey-bridge, which is a formidable ridge of rocks to the south of this Port, extending from the shore into the Ocean. A severe gale had prevailed upon the coast for some days previously to this incident ; the sea was tremendously agitated, and the wind continued to blow with violence, which seemed to exclude every possibility of assistance from the shore, and excited the greatest anxiety for the safety of the vessel and mariners. In this moment of extreme danger, four of the fishermen of this town, of great bodily strength, and daring spirits, had the courage to venture to their assistance in a little open fishing boat called a coble, and braving all the dangers of the sea, boldly committed themselves to the perils of the boisterous ocean. The distance from the harbour to the vessel was nearly eight miles, but the extent of the *traverse* which the fishermen were *obliged* to make, was increased, as they

could not keep a straight course, being under the necessity of preserving the boat in a proper direction to the sea: The water at the mouth of the harbour when they departed, was extremely agitated, and the waves broke with uncommon fury at some distance from the shore—the moment was critical and perilous, and required an extraordinary degree of skill and intrepidity; indeed it was esteemed a daring attempt of desperate men, prodigal of their lives, and insensible to every idea of danger. The scene was highly interesting and alarming, to see those intrepid men, embarked in a little open boat in a high and dangerous sea, exerting all their strength and skill to combat it's fury. Many and great were the perils they had to encounter—their lives were exposed to a variety of accidents; at some moments they were suspended in the most awful situation on the summit of a mountainous wave, at others they totally disappeared from the view of the spectators. The boat from it's construction required the greatest attention and dexterity in the management—a single unskilful movement might have proved fatal—they had their way to make through a boisterous sea to a great distance, every nerve was to be strained and all their power exerted;

and had they failed in their efforts to have reached the vessel, there was no possibility of returning, or of landing upon any part of the coast, which made their situation truly desperate. After contending four hours with the tempestuous element with the greatest fortitude and perseverance, drenched with the waves which frequently broke over them; greater dangers were still presented on their approach to the vessel. The sea was dashing against her sides and breaking upon the decks in a tremendous manner, and she was rolling at the same time with the most violent motions. In such a critical situation, every attempt to board her seemed impracticable; but those intrepid men inured to all the perils of the ocean; cool and collected in the midst of surrounding dangers, waited a momentary suspension of the waves, and instantly pushed to the vessel, leaping on board in succession at proper intervals, with the most undaunted resolution and activity. After having thus providentially got on board, they found the ship in a hazardous situation. The crew were fatigued and dejected—the anchor was cast upon a rocky shore, and the cable was every moment in danger of being cut by the asperities—the sea was high, the wind was blowing from a danger-

ous quarter ; and the formidable rocks of Filey surrounded with foaming waves threatening to leeward ; and inevitable death with all it's terrific horrors around them, if the cable separated : the time of the tide was also critical ; not a moment was to be lost, decision and judgment being essentially necessary. With a comprehensive presence of mind, and skilful foresight attained by long experience, they saw at a glance all that was requisite. Temporary masts were immediately erected, and some small sail expeditiously fitted ; a spring-rope was fixed upon the cable to cast the head of the vessel the right way to the sea ; the little sails were hoisted and trimmed to the wind and the cable was cut at the proper moment. By these and other skilful manœuvres, the vessel and crew were extricated from the most imminent danger, and by extraordinary management and exertions, safely conducted into this port at five o'clock in the evening of the same day, amidst the applauses of numerous spectators.

The *Royal Humane Society* sent a reward of ten guineas for their meritorious conduct, and the strangers who were at the *Spaw*, and the spectators of the scene, raised a handsome subscription on the occasion.

The names of the fishermen who displayed so much skill and intrepidity, were Matthew Hodgson, William Henderson, John Harwood, and Robert Reed. Hodgson had been three separate times overturned in his boat on similar occasions, three of his former companions have in those cases been drowned, but he has been preserved in a most providential manner.

The fishermen are in general, a very bold, hardy, robust race of men, their lives are exposed to the greatest danger in their little boats in the storms of Winter, and they sometimes venture to the assistance of ships in distress, in such high and boisterous seas, as one might suppose would make the stoutest heart to tremble. Happy would it be, if the many *providential* deliverances they experience, made a suitable impression on them. These men see the works of the Lord and his wonders in the deep in the highest degree. O that they would therefore *praise the Lord for his goodness ; and declare the wonders that he doth for the children of men.* That they would *go into his gates with thanksgiving and into his courts with praise : be thankful unto him and speak good of his name.*

No. 2.

Scarborough.

The violent gale of wind which suddenly arose on Saturday night last, proved fatal to many a hapless and unfortunate mariner ; and the severities of it's effects were deeply experienced at this place.

The evening until ten o'clock was serene and pleasant ; the sky unclouded ; not a single prognostic of a storm was visible in the heavens, the winds seemed hushed to rest, and the sea was uncommonly smooth and placid. But the scene changed in a moment ! The clouds suddenly gathered darkness ; the storm, loud as thunder, came sweeping from the North with irresistible violence, and the awful hour of the night, added to the tremendous gloom, increased the general consternation. The buildings shook as though they had been moved by the concussions of an earthquake ; the roofs of several houses were stripped of their coverings ; the streets were overspread with the ruins ; and large masses of the *Castle* walls (the venerable remains of antiquity), fell beneath the fury of the impetuous tempest.

The num'rous turrets to the Storm resound,
It's ancient walls fall thund'ring to the ground.

When the day appeared, the sea exhibited a scene awful beyond description. Far as the eye could reach the great *expanse* was covered with broken water, and arrayed in all it's terrors. The foaming billows followed each other in rapid succession, rolling over the piers in vast accumulated masses, dashed to an incredible height. The ships in the harbour received great damage, and appeared in the greatest confusion. A brigantine belonging to Lynn, broke her moorings, and was forced by the violence of the storm among the rocks to the southward, where she was broken to pieces in a few moments. A ship from Newcastle, oppressed by the boisterous sea, and unable to reach the harbour, appeared in a situation perfectly desperate. The shore surrounded with rocks and broken water threatening destruction in every direction. Impelled by the wind and sea, she approached the dreadful scene with fatal rapidity. The pointed rocks seemed ready to receive her, and the foaming billows to overwhelm her, the waves burst over her poop and decks with incredible fury ; the weight of her strokes upon the ground made her whole fabric tremble

and she was expected every moment to be shattered to pieces by the violence of the concussions. After many tremendous shocks, she at length beat over the rocks to the gravelly part of the beach at the foot of the cliff, about a mile beyond the Spaw. Crowds of people hastened along the strand to her assistance. The strongest expressions of anxiety were depicted on every countenance. They were actuated by one of the noblest principles of the human heart, that of **SUCCOURING** their **FELLOW-CREATURES** in **DISTRESS**. It however fortunately happened that the dauntless seamen in the ship, waiting a favourable moment, launched their boat into the midst of the broken water, and reached the shore in safety.

The following lines are descriptive of the situation :

“ Now borne impetuous o’er the boiling deeps,
 Her course to Scarboro’s shores the vessel keeps,
 Above the poop th’ audacious seas aspire,
 Uproll’d in hills like fluctuating fire ;
 High o’er the ship, they cast a dreadful shade,
 And o’er her burst in terrible cascade :
 Uplifted on the surge, to heaven she flies,
 Her shatter’d top half buried in the skies ;
 Then headlong plunging, thunders on the ground,
 Earth groans, air trembles, and the deeps resound !”

A small vessel in distress, deeply laden, and almost buried in the sea, was discovered making toward the harbour, her sails were torn to shreds by the violence of the wind, and the helm had lost it's government. The foaming sea made a clear passage over her, and every wave threatened instant destruction. I observed with painful agony her hopeless situation, and trembled for her fate at the approach of every billow. As she drew near the shore, two distressed seamen were distinguished upon the deck using every possible exertion. One was at the helm endeavouring to steer her—the other, was trimming the sheet of a tattered sail which fluttered in the wind. Vain were all their efforts!—it was a forlorn hope, the last struggle of persevering fortitude!—I saw a mountainous wave collecting it's tremendous force, and marked the fatal progress—The hapless vessel was overwhelmed by it's fury, and buried from the sight for some moments; but she afterward appeared floating upon her side, a melancholy wreck upon the water! A little interval succeeded, and she seemed rather recovering from the violence of the shock: but another wave, if possible more tremendous than the former, burst upon her, and plunged her into the deep abyss!—

I caught the last glance of the top of her mast—
a momentary calm succeeded, nothing was to be
seen save the broken water, she had totally dis-
appeared and all on board perished !

“ Ye victims of the whelming waves, adieu !

Your toils and pains and dangers are no more !

The tempest now shall howl unheard by you,

While ocean smites in vain the trembling shore.

What though no funeral pomp, no borrow'd tear,

Your hour of death to gazing crowds shall tell ;

Nor weeping friends attend your sable bier,

Who sadly listen to the passing bell.

Yet shall rememb'rance from oblivion's veil

Recall the scene, and sigh with grief sincere,

And soft compassion at the tragic tale,

In grateful tribute pay her kindred tear.”

Great commiseration was excited for the un-
happy sufferers and their surviving friends !—
Let us therefore indulge the sympathetic ten-
derness of the moment, whilst a scene is presen-
ted, which must call every benevolent affection
into action. See that lowly mansion ! It is the
habitation of a distressed widow, whose hus-
band perished in the late tremendous storm !
Her loss is great ! O pity her tender sorrows !
Let the foot of charity softly approach the
mournful dwelling. Whence are those plain-
tive notes of deep affliction ?—Listen—O ! listen

to the tremulous sounds, which murmur to the hollow wind, and strike the ear with such a melancholy cadence!—It is the voice of the disconsolate mourner lamenting her hapless situation. What a scene of exquisite tenderness! She is dividing her *little*, her *last* small *portion* of *bread* with helpless children, while the mourning group with *supplicating* looks, anxiously surround her! In all the attitude of unutterable woe, she mingles the scanty morsel with her tears, tells them it is her *all*, and how their *Father*, the chief support, *perished* on the merciless ocean!

GRACIOUS FATHER of unbounded beneficence, whose tender mercies are over all thy works, and before whose throne the prayers of the WIDOW and ORPHAN ascend as the sweetest incense!—Thy sacred influence can sooth the sorrows, and soften the anguish of the agonized bosom, and inspire it with FAITH, with HOPE, and PIOUS RESIGNATION! We, indeed, are unable to penetrate the veil of thy mysterious Providence; *thy* ways are not as our ways, nor *thy* thoughts as our thoughts; *they* are unsearchable and past finding out, the greatest *apparent* losses and misfortunes of this mortal life, are frequently mercies in disguise.

"Tho' doom'd with all that's dear to part;
 HOPE, still on God relies,
 And ev'ry pang that rends the heart,
 Bids expectation rise.
 HOPE, like the glimm'ring taper's light,
 Adorns and cheers the way;
 And still, as darker grows the night,
 Emits a brighter ray."

Bear up then a little while disconsolate
 mourner, and the storms of this life will soon be
 over—The God of mercy, wil! send his richest
 consolations to mitigate the seeming severity of
 thy lot—He has promised to be a HUSBAND to
 the WIDOW, and a FATHER to the FATHERLESS;
 and they are the promises of IMMUTABLE TRUTH.

No. 3.

Scarborough.

When we contemplate the beautiful order of
 the universe, the unerring laws by which it is
 regulated, the harmony which prevades the gen-
 eral system and supports the universal balance,
 the mind is filled with the most sublime ideas of
 the infinite wisdom and skill of the Almighty
 Architect.

But let us not suppose that the Divine laws are reversed, when the celestial harmony is partially disturbed, by any sudden conflicts of the elements. The stormy wind fulfils the word of the Lord, as well as the softest southern breeze or the mildest zephyr: they are still under the same infinite wisdom; all under the government of the same original principle of action; and though we may have sometimes cause to deplore the ravages of the sweeping tempest, yet alternate changes are necessary to the general system.

Among the various calamitous accidents which happened at sea during the autumnal storms of this year, the following authentic narrative, may not be unworthy to be recorded.

The *Diligence* (Richardson) a brigantine belonging to Scarborough, was forced on shore near Dantzic in the Baltic, by a violent storm. The dangerous position of the vessel, exposed the decks so much to the fury of the sea, that the crew were obliged to take refuge in the rigging, and the intensity of the cold of a severe climate, at a late season of the year, was almost insupportable. One of the poor seamen was swept over board, and buried in the waves in sight of his distressed companions, in vain strug-

gling for life and calling upon them for assistance. Another, enfeebled by exertions, and affected by the severity of the frost, was unable to sustain himself, and dropping from the shrouds perished in the sea. A third, had just strength to climb as high as the main-yard, where he continued until the current of life ceased to flow, and the powers of animation were totally arrested.

“With awful look, the sailors ey’d the strand,
Where death’s inexorable jaws expand :
Now on the trembling shrouds, before, behind,
In mute suspense they mount into the wind,—
Swept from the ship, the *seaman* strives in vain,
Thro’ hostile floods the vessel to regain,
The hostile waters close around his head,
He sinks for ever, number’d with the dead :
Whilst *one* benumb’d was forced to forego
His slippery hold, and sink to depths below :
Bereft of power to help, their comrades see,
The wretched victims die beneath the lee ;
With fruitless sorrow, their lost fate bemoan ;
Perhaps, a fatal prelude to their own.”

The Master and his brother, possessed of great bodily strength and resolution, fortunately reached the main-top ; but so much exhausted, that they despaired of surviving the accumulated hardships. In this pitiable situation, they waited the awful moment of their dissolution,

expecting the vessel to be either broken up by the violence of the waves, or that they should perish by the piercing severity of the storm. A torpid insensibility had already seized them—the pulse of life beat feebly—the shades of death gathered around, and every ray of hope seemed to be extinguished ; but a vital spark of animation which still remained, excited them to action, and they determined to make an effort to loose the main-topsail to shelter them from the violence of the gale, but it appeared an insurmountable difficulty in their deplorable situation, to ascend the yard for that purpose. The skin was stripped from their hands and feet, their bodies were bruised, their legs benumbed and almost deprived of motion, so that they were obliged *forcibly* to move the joints of their knees for some time, before they recovered the liberty of action—at length after many painful exertions, they ascended the yard and loosened the sail, which hanging before the top, defended them from the vehemence of the storm, and afforded a comfortable shelter. The poor solitary mariner upon the main yard, before he expired, called upon them for assistance. Alas! they were unable to help him! He made several attempts to gain the top, but his strength

failing, all his efforts proved fruitless. Perceiving his dissolution approaching, he said with a feeble voice and a tender concern for his ship-mates, "My lads are you both alive," and in a few moments expired.

"The last faint accents trembled on his tongue,
That now inactive on the palate hung;
He spake no more:—the chilling ice of death,
Congeal'd his blood, and stopp'd his feeble breath."

The Master and his brother continued in the main-top from the noon of one day to the morning of the next, but were so affected by the severity of the weather, that the principle of life was almost extinguished, and they appeared like frozen statues.

The inhabitants of a little village near the place where the vessel was stranded, launched a boat into the sea, as soon as the waves subsided, and conveyed the unhappy sufferers to shore, treating them with the greatest tenderness and humanity; but life hung doubtful for some hours, without any favourable symptoms of recovery.

"The generous natives mov'd with social pain,
The feeble strangers in their arms sustain;
With pitying sighs their helpless lot deplore,
And lead them trembling from the fatal shore."

The hospitable foreigners sheltered them under the friendly roofs of their humble cottages, and administered every consolation and comfort within the extent of their *little* possessions!—Kind and generous men! this instance of liberal compassion shall not pass unregarded—Your unpolluted and simple manners, teach you all the gentleness of soft humanity—The shipwrecked mariner upon your hospitable shore finds a kind asylum; and when he relates the moving tale of his dangers and hardships upon the tempestuous ocean—When he tells you of his feelings for his distant family in his native land! his affectionate wife! his tender offspring!—Struck with the sympathetic tale, you gently mingle the tears of sweet compassion, and endeavour to soothe his sorrows and solace his heart, with the consolations of a *Superintending Providence*, and the hopes of fairer scenes and brighter prospects.

“The humble peasants tho’ with want oppress,
Can share affliction with the wretch distress;
Tho’ lost to science, and the nobler arts,
Yet nature’s lore informs their feeling hearts.”

What a contrast is this to the barbarous customs of others, who are insensible to all the tender feelings of compassion! It sometimes happens,

when an unfortunate vessel is cast by the raging elements upon some inhospitable strand, that bands of daring plunderers, commit the most shameful depredations in the open face of day, in violation of the most sacred rites of humanity!—What an atrocious crime!—What an INDELIBLE STAIN to any CIVILIZED NATION!—Unfeeling men! INHUMAN BARBARIANS! to make a spoil of the property of the unhappy, defenceless, shipwrecked mariner! Nay,—what is worse, to strip with sacrilegious hands the body of the miserable sufferer, which the more merciful waves have cast upon your coast!—Reflect a moment, and check your rapacious cruelty, lest the judgement of heaven arrest you suddenly in the commission of the impious deed, and extend you breathless by the side of the unfortunate seaman, who has thus fatally perished.

“ The muse shall now a horrid tale unfold;
 A tale by shipwreck'd seamen sadly told;
 How oft the shiv'ring sufferers have view'd
 With murd'ring weapons arm'd, a lawless brood,
 On England's dread inhuman shores, who stand,
 The foul reproach and scandal of our land!
 To rob the wanderers wreck'd upon the strand.
 These, while their savage office they pursue,
 Oft wound to death the helpless plunder'd crew,
 Who' scap'd from every terror of the main,

Implor'd their mercy, but implor'd in vain,
 The dreadful miscreants prowling round the shore,
 With foul intent the stranded bark explore,
 Deaf to the voice of woe, her decks they board,
 While tardy justice slumbers o'er the sword,
 Th' indignant muse, in mercy taught to feel,
 Shrinks from a theme she blushes to reveal.
 With conscious horror struck, our seamen stand,
 And for a time detest their native land,
 They blame the sleeping vengeance of the laws,
 That thus forget her guardian sailor's cause."

It may not be improper upon this occasion, to recommend the unwearied exertion of every possible means for the restoration of persons apparently dead, whilst a glimpse of hope remains. In such cases let no difficulties discourage, let not the want of success in some instances, prevent the trial of every means calculated for a recovery; for though the torch of life may seem to be extinguished, yet a latent spark may still remain, which by proper care, perseverance, and attention, may once more enlighten the whole body, and restore the lamented object of virtuous affection to the agonized bosom of conjugal sympathy; the support of helpless indigence to the prayers of orphan'd misery; and him whose spirit is ready to take it's flight with all his imperfections on his head, to the means of repen-

tance and eternal peace.

The following extract from a poem on HUMANITY, is impressive on this occasion :

“And oh! ’tis *Thine*, when vital breath seems fled,
To seek the awful confines of the dead ;
Drag the pale victim from the whelming wave,
And snatch the body from the floating grave ;
Beneath the billow, tho’ entomb’d it lies,
Thy dauntless zeal the roaring main defies ;
’Tis *THINE*, to plunge into the whelming flood,
Clasp the swol’n frame, and thaw the frozen blood ;
Breathe in the lips re-animating fire,
Till warm’d to *Second Life* the drown’d respire.” *

No. 4.

Scarborough.

“O’er the smooth bosom of the faithless tides,
Propell’d by gentle gales the vessel glides,
The thoughts of home, that o’er his bosom roll,
With trembling joy dilates the master’s soul,
Hope lifts his heart, before whose vivid ray,
Distress recedes, and dangers melt away,
Already Scarboro’s parent cliffs arise,
And in idea greet his longing eyes !
Each amorous sailor too with joy elate,
Dwells on the beauties of his gentle mate :

*A Society for the recovery of persons apparently drowned, has lately been established at Scarborough.

Beguil'd by hope they think all dangers o'er,
And view with eager looks their native shore."

The Ripon, (Davison) sailed from Burnam, a sea-port on the coast of Essex, the third of December, bound to Scarborough. The wind was favourable, the progress rapid, the destined port was at a little distance, and every thing seemed propitious. Hope with it's fond delusions, flattered them that all the dangers of the voyage were over, and they anticipated the pleasure of soon embracing their friends, and reposing at home during the storms of winter. But the delusive prospect quickly vanished. A dreadful storm suddenly arose; which by it's violence drove them far from their native shore. The ship canting her ballast, was thrown upon her broadside in the sea, and the pumps were incessantly kept at work to prevent her from sinking. After driving at the mercy of the wind for several days upon the tempestuous ocean, they were at length forced upon the island of Wranger Oog, on the coast of Jutland, where the shore was a perfect quicksand, into which the vessel continued gradually sinking. In this extremity, the Master and Crew, after a short consultation. embarked in the boat, and fortunately reached the land in safety, after escap-

ing the most imminent perils. The precipitancy, with which they were obliged to leave the vessel, prevented them from saving either their clothes or any other necessities, and they landed upon the island in a condition truly distressing and destitute. The Governor of Wranger Oog was touched with compassion at their misfortune, and commiserated their unhappy situation, without substinence, without necessities, or any resources in a foreign land. He entertained them with tenderness and humanity, they were cheered and refreshed under the friendly roof of his hospitable mansion, and the kindness of their Benefactor, made them for a moment loose sight of their misfortunes.

Such amiable benevolence in an exalted station adds a distinguished lustre to the character, and is highly meritorious. The heart expands at the relation—we see the bright side of the picture of human nature in it's loveliest colours, and admire it's beauty. COMPASSION is one of the gentlest virtues of the human breast; it was implanted by the ALMIGHTY to soothe the cares, and soften the asperities of life. How abject and debased is the man who is destitute of it !—Without COMPASSION he is a cruel ferocious animal.

The Governor after the shipwrecked mariners were refreshed, hired a boat to convey them to the *Continent*, and committed them to the care of a friendly *Minister*, who attended them with the greatest affability, and conducted them to Kiever, the residence of a Magistrate, who furnished them with a passport for Embden.

In the middle of the stormy month of December, so remarkable for incessant rain and tempests, the shipwrecked mariners left the town of Kiever, to proceed on a long journey through a dreary country, being determined to go to ROTTERDAM, where they hoped to meet with a vessel to convey them to England. Their situation was truly pitiable. Helpless strangers in a foreign land!—ignorant of the language—unacquainted with the roads—destitute of necessities—exposed to the inclemency of the weather in the depth of winter—dependent for subsistence on the precarious bounty of foreigners—obliged to solicit relief by signs and expressive motions, under the sanction of a passport from the Magistrate of Kiever! The badness of the roads exceeded their utmost apprehensions. The country was naked and desolate, and so deluged with rain, that they had many tedious miles to travel deep in water. Sometimes they

met with a few scattered hamlets, or a miserable village, at widely extended distances, and they thought themselves happy, if at the close of day, they could reach any little hut, for rest or refreshment. The stormy wind, with beating rain, impeded their steps; and the inhabitants were so wretchedly poor, that a little rye bread and cheese (with sometimes a cup of coffee) was esteemed a luxury. Some of the poor, but hospitable peasants, opened wide their doors to admit the fatigued strangers, and entertained them with the best of their coarse and humble fare:—humanity could do no more—Others excluded them with brutal rudeness, and insulted them with all the contempt of uncivilized barbarism!—Oppressed by fatigue—languid and dejected—wandering beneath an inclement sky, without any friends to cheer, or comforts to refresh them; their hearts began to droop, and they were ready to faint under the pressure; but great are the powers of the human mind when called into exertion, and gracious are the mercies of the **ALMIGHTY**. By perseverance and fortitude they surmounted every difficulty, and at length arrived at the banks of one of the navigable canals, which in that country abound with passage boats; but so fatigued with their toilsome jour

ney, that their strength and spirits were nearly exhausted.—The passage boat being ready to depart, they immediately embarked, and it *providentially* happened that two Dutch Captains were passengers, who had formerly been shipwrecked in England, where they had experienced much kindness and humanity. They immediately took the fatigued mariners under their protection, conducted them to Groningen, a considerable town in Friesland, entertained them with great hospitality, and raised a subscription amongst the inhabitants to supply them with necessaries.

Let us pause a moment on this *Providential* circumstance.—It is a lesson of useful instruction, and shews the mutual dependance which subsists among men. The scenes of life are continually varying—the circling wheel is in perpetual revolution, and alternately places us in situations of *conferring* and *receiving* obligations. How pleasing are the interchanges of mutual civilities!—How necessary the acts of reciprocal benevolence! The golden links which unite us in the bonds of social affection ought never to be broken.—The Dutch Captains had suffered all the miseries of shipwreck, and they had also experienced the comforts of a be-

nevolent assistance at the hand of strangers—their feelings were awakened by the similitude of the situation, and it seemed as though PROVIDENCE had cast the unfortunate English seamen in their way upon the occasion—their hearts glowed with sympathy and gratitude, and burned to relieve them. Happy, thrice happy would it be, if mankind were to relinquish their prejudices and animosities, and treat each other with gentleness, liberality, and kindness. Are we not all brethren, and is not God the sovereign of the universe—the Father of us all? why then should we indulge a malignant pleasure, in wounding the reputation and peace of each other? Are not the real miseries of life sufficient without multiplying them? Let us consult our own hearts when oppressed by sickness or sorrow, and say, if the cup has not enough of bitterness!

The reader will excuse this digression.

From Groningen, the seamen proceeded with recruited vigour to AMSTERDAM, the residence of an English Consul, who forwarded them by a passage boat to ROTTERDAM, the last stage of their toilsome journey. They embarked at Rotterdam in a vessel for England, and arriv-

ed at Scarborough, the ninth of January, where their appearance seemed a restoration from death, as no intelligence had been received of their fate, from the third of December.

The space of time occupied in their journey from Wranger Oog to Rotterdam, was twenty days—the distance 280 miles.

No. 4.

Deliverance from Shipwreck, near Whitby.

Copy of a letter from Captain Cannon of Dunbar, respecting his remarkable deliverance from Shipwreck near Whitby.

On the 31st. of December, I sailed from Shields, in my own sloop laden with cinders for Dunbar—In the evening we were put back again by contrary winds, and anchored off Shields intending to enter the next flood tide.—About seven o'clock at night, came on a tremendous gale of wind at north east, and immediately the vessel drove. I had only one man and a boy with me. As we anchored very near the

rocks, and the wind was from the sea, we had very little time to deliberate; one quarter of an hour's drift must have inevitably dashed the vessel on the rocks, and plunged us into eternity. I said to the man, "*What is best to be done: shall we stand out to sea, or attempt to get over Shields bar?*" he replied it is impossible to keep the vessel off the land with the wind. "*Run for the bar,*" I answered; "*It is low water, and of consequence the lights to run in by are not yet lighted, and should we strike upon either side of the bar, we must certainly perish, as there are no persons at this dark hour of night to see or assist us.*"—We immediately slipped our cable, and stood to the southward under the foresail bent, unable to set or take in sail. Presently she pitched away the bow-sprit by the stem, although there was no sail upon it, and dragged it after her all night, while we expected the vessel would strike every minute upon the land, it being a lee-shore, the vessel plunging continually under water, and we were in danger of being overwhelmed, the sea making a constant passage over us. The boy called out, that his body was full of salt water. To prevent his being washed overboard, I ordered him down to the cabin. The mate and I

relieved each other at the helm, and went down into the cabin alternately, to keep ourselves warm, although there were neither fire nor candle, they being washed out into the sea, as well as the compass out of the binnacle. It snowed very hard, and the cold was intensely severe. At midnight the mate relieved me at the helm, and I went down into the cabin; in about ten minutes a sea struck the vessel, washed off the top of the companion, filled the cabin with water, and I firmly believed she was going down, never to come up again. When she righted with much difficulty, I crawled up the companion and, looking round about me, beheld the dreadful scene; the mate washed over board, the main-sail and the boom broken, and trailing along side, the boat, cook-house, rails, ropes, and every thing upon deck were washed overboard; all the shrouds broken to leeward, and flying like pendants from the mast head; the fore-sail likewise dragging along side, and the vessel having cauted her cargo was lying upon her broad-side.

The only remedy that now remained to save my life, and the boy's, was to run the vessel on shore before the wind; it being then high water, but so dark, that I could not choose one

place from another, and therefore must fall upon rocks or sands, as Providence directed. Accordingly I put the helm a weather, but she would not wear, having lost her steerage way through the water, and I had no sail left to set, so she lay rolling in the hollow of the sea.

As it was useless to keep the deck any longer, from whence I must, in all probability, be soon washed overboard, I went down into the cabin to commend my soul to God, expecting the vessel presently to go ashore, and break in pieces before daylight. My dear wife and child also lay heavy upon my mind.

When the day appeared, I saw the Yorkshire coast to leeward, about three miles distant, and the vessel driving fast among the broken water. I then considered what was best to be done to preserve life, and where to place myself before the vessel entered among the breakers, which began about two miles from the land. I reflected that the fore part of the ship was strongest bound with breast hooks, I resolved upon lashing myself to the windlass, and asked the boy to go with me, that I might secure him likewise. He objected to leave the cabin, and I was therefore obliged to go myself. As I passed by the mast, a sea struck the vessel, half-mast high, and almost suffocated me, and I

was unable to move from thence ; but clung fast to the mast, holding the hoops of the mainsail with my hands, and fixing my knees upon the cleets of the mast ; these tore a hole through my trowsers, which saved me, when I had neither sense nor strength to take care of myself. A piece of the rails hanging by a rope from the mast-head at every roll the ship gave, swung right over my head, about the distance of six inches, with such violence, that had it struck me once, I should have been dashed to pieces : if I had stooped lower, I was in danger of being suffocated by the sea.

When the vessel struck upon the sand, I was agreeably surprised to find the sea smoother, occasioned by the ship driving within a sunken rock. Immediately a great number of people from Whitby stood upon the beach, and observing no one on board but myself, hanging at the mast, they concluded I was dead, and the rest of the crew washed overboard. Perceiving that they made no attempt to save my life, I lifted up my hand, and waved it, to signify I was alive. Immediately a man and horse went to Whitby for a rope, and harpoon-gun, to fire over me, that catching hold, they might hale me on shore. The gun could not be procured, but they

brought a rope, which some stout seamen took hold of, and ventured in, though with their Sunday clothes on. The tallest man waded foremost, with a coil of rope in his hand, and threw it on board ; but they were washed off their feet several times ; which when the spectators saw, they instantly ran into the sea and saved their lives. After I understood their signs, it being impossible to hear their voices (for the wind and sea) which was to make the rope fast about me, that they might hale me on shore, I said to the boy whom I found sitting in the cabin, “ *I will make you fast with the rope, as I know you will not secure yourself when I am gone.*” He answered, “ *No master it is impossible for them to hale me ashore alive, because my body is full of salt water.*” But knowing there were only two things for us to choose, either to be haled on shore, dead, or alive, or to be drowned in two hours time by the flood-tide, which was making fast, and would overset the vessel, I took hold of him and by force fastened the rope about his body, and threw him overboard ; so they haled him safe ashore ; but for want of recollection, instead of fastening the bight of the rope to the boy, and retaining the end myself, in case they should have found

it impossible to convey the rope on board again, I fastened him with the end, and considered not till it was too late, to my great grief. However the sailors made another vigorous attempt, and with much difficulty threw the rope on board again, to which I fastened myself, and leaping into the sea, they haled me on shore as fast as possible.

They supported us both to the nearest farmhouse, where we were treated with the greatest hospitality. They stripped us before a good fire, which we needed very much, as it continued to snow, and the frost was severe. Two hours after, a man came to the house, and informed me the vessel was sunk, and the mast broken, and driven on shore.

Thus I lost my vessel, which was all I had of this world's good, and not a shilling insured ; but I did not much regret my loss, as God was graciously pleased to preserve my life, and that of the boy's, in such a wonderful manner : I was thankful to the Father of Mercies, for his miraculous interposition in the hour of danger, and affording me so great and unexpected a deliverance.

Alexander Cannon.

The preceding narratives have exhibited the Sea arrayed in all it's terrors, spreading great devastation, and threatening general destruction ; but the voice of the Lord confines the roaring billows—" He hath placed the sand for a bound to the sea—hitherto shalt thou go and no farther, and here shall thy proud waves be stayed."

The following lines, descriptive of the dangers in a storm at sea, breathe such a spirit of unshaken confidence in the protection of the **ALMIGHTY**, that they cannot be unacceptable to the serious reader, and will form a proper conclusion of the subject.

" How are thy servants blest, O Lord !

How sure is their defence !

Eternal wisdom is their guide,

Their help Omnipotence.

In foreign realms and lands remote,

Supported by thy care,

Thro' burning climes I past unhurt,

And breath'd in tainted air.

Thy mercy sweeten'd ev'ry soil,

Made ev'ry region please :

The hoary Alpine hills it warm'd,

And smooth'd the Tyrrhine seas.

Think, O my soul, devoutly think,
 How with afrighted eyes,
 Thou saw'st the wide extended deep,
 In all it's horrors rise !

Confusion dwelt in ev'ry face,
 And fear in ev'ry heart ;
 When waves on waves, and gulphs on gulphs,
 O'ercame the pilot's art.

Yet then from all my griefs, O Lord,
 Thy mercy set me free,
 Whilst in the confidence of pray'r,
 My soul took hold on thee.

For tho' in dreadful whirls we hung,
 High on the broken wave,
 I knew thou wert not slow to hear,
 Nor impotent to save.

The storm was laid, the wind retir'd,
 Obedient to thy will ;
 The sea that roar'd at thy command,
 At thy command was still.

In midst of dangers fears and death,
 Thy goodness I'll adore,
 And praise thee for thy mercies past,
 And humbly hope for more.

My life, if thou preserve my life,
 Thy sacrifice shall be ;
 And death, if death must be my doom,
 Shall join my soul to thee."

*The following Paper was circulated during
Mr. Hinderwell's magistracy in 1800.*

TO THE PUBLIC.

The preservation of peace and order is one of the chief blessings of civil government, and a well-regulated community is an honour to the magistracy and the people.—The **MAGISTRATE** is invested with power for the correction of vice and the encouragement of virtue, and it is the duty and interest of the people to support the civil authority, and to be obedient to the laws.—The community at large is an extended family, of which the **MAGISTRATE** is the legal guardian, and the happiness of the whole depends upon the harmony and regularity of the constituent parts.—When the **MAGISTRATE** presides with paternal solicitude, and a vigilant attention to the general interest; and the people are influenced by a voluntary and respectful obedience, the felicity is complete: but, oppression or negligence in the magistracy, and insubordination and licentiousness in the people, disturb the public tranquillity, and the consequences are highly injurious.—It is painful to observe the *progress*

of infamy and immorality, so fatal to the existence of social order.—The PROFANATION of the LORD'S DAY is so common in many of the principal towns in this kingdom, and has acquired such strength by the inveteracy of custom and the accession of numbers, that the most salutary laws seem almost inadequate to the correction of the *evil*, and some powerful combination is necessary to subdue it effectually, or, at least, to check it's progress.—To men of enlightened minds it is evident, that the decay of religion and the profanation of the LORD'S DAY will, eventually, produce a total dissolution of morals and the extinction of order. The best and dearest interests of society, the happiness of individuals, the peace and prosperity of the country, and the favour of God, are so intimately connected with the maintenance of true religion and virtue, that the MAGISTRATES have every reason to expect the cordial assistance of the inhabitants in an attempt to suppress profaneness and immorality, and to promote a more regular observance of the LORD'S DAY, in the town of Scarborough.

The MAGISTRATES wish, in the *first instance*, to try every lenient expedient for the preservation of order, as it will be more congenial to

their own feelings, and honourable to the town, to effect a reformation by a general and voluntary co-operation, than to be reduced to the painful necessity of a rigorous execution of the law.

In order to accomplish so desirable a purpose, it is recommended that the different tradesmen of the town enter into a written agreement, under the sanction of the **MAGISTRATES**, engaging not to exercise their respective occupations, neither to sell, nor to expose to sale, any wares, goods, merchandize, or article of their trades, on the **LORD'S DAY**, of which they shall give previous notice by the public crier—Should this custom happily be established, and inflexibly supported, the tradesmen and their servants will be emancipated from a servile state of drudgery on the **LORD'S DAY**; and while they are discharging their sacred obligations to the laws of God and their country, neither their own worldly buisness nor the town will suffer any detriment.

The law against Inn-keepers who permit tippling or any disorder in their houses, on the **LORD'S DAY**, will be strictly enforced—The encouragement of such a practice is a breach both of the laws of God and man, and the fatal source

of the most grievous evils to the community— it is the unhappy cause of the ruin of many poor families; as, while the labourer is tempted to spend his wages, on Sundays, at the ale-house, in pernicious draughts of intoxicating liquors, his wife and children are, perhaps, starving at home.

The MAGISTRATES confiding in the good disposition and liberal sentiments of the respectable inhabitants of this town, and anxious to discharge their duty to God and the community, will cause agreements to be made for the purpose, and depute a proper person to obtain the voluntary signatures of those who may be disposed to promote so desirable a reformation— And, as the streets, on Sunday evenings, are subject to disorder, by the crowds which assemble therein, it is recommended to all *Masters of families* to impress the solemn and important duties of the LORD'S DAY, strongly upon the minds of their children and domestics, to engage them to behave with suitable decency and reverence— And the MAGISTRATES hereby give notice, that the Constables will have it in command to preserve a proper decorum in the streets and other places, and to apprehend those who may behave

disorderly, on the LORD'S DAY.

Thomas Hindervell
William Herbert } Bailiffs.

Scarborough, March, 1800.

CURSORY REMARKS

ON THE TIMES,

which first appeared in the '*York Chronicle*'
 of May 18, 1809.

The revolutionary storm which has disorganized the world—overwhelmed the great interests of society—endangered or subverted all it's antient institutions—and prostrated, with amazing rapidity, thrones, whose foundations were consolidated by ages, fills the mind with consternation, and demonstrates that the judgments of the Lord are abroad in the earth. The hand of God is visible in these events—the Infidel must perceive it; but he will not acknowledge that God has a controversy with all anti-christian authority. Previously to these tremendous concussions, infidelity, with it's attendant

depravities, predominated upon the continent in an alarming degree. The late Frederick of Prussia, called the Great, in conjunction with Voltaire and a few others, conspired against the throne of Christ, and anticipated the subversion of that kingdom, which is declared, in the scriptures, to be an “everlasting kingdom,” a “dominion to endure through all ages.” Their exertions prepared the way for that revolution which has desolated Prussia, and reduced one of the successors of the Great Frederick, to a most humiliating state of vassalage! Berlin, (it was said) contained 180,000 inhabitants, and that not more than 2000 habitually observed the sabbath! How mysterious are the ways of providence—how limited is human foresight;—how dreadful has been the visitation—how awful the *example!* In the midst of these convulsive scenes, Britain has, hitherto, enjoyed her borders in peace, and retained the possession of her civil and religious liberties. The extraordinary interpositions of divine providence in protecting this favoured land, from *intestine commotions*, and foreign invasion, demand the highest acknowledgments of gratitude and praise; but we are more prone to ascribe these unmerited blessings to *secondary* causes, than

to the grand efficient cause, the goodness and protection of Almighty God. The worldly politician forms his plans, with the sole dependence on human subtlety and wisdom, and a presumptuous confidence in a successful issue. But he reflects not that an invisible Being, who, with unerring rectitude, decides the course and events of all human affairs, may, in a moment confound his bold devices—he considers not,

“How vain is man, who boasts in fight
The valour of gigantic might,
And dreams not that a hand unseen
Directs and guides the weak machine.”

The melancholy situation of Europe, and the perturbed state of this country, since the late discovery of public abuses, have led to this train of reflection. It is asserted that a reform has now become absolutely necessary, to preserve unimpaired the purity and the blessings of our excellent Constitution. Admitting the necessity of a Parliamentary Reform for the correction of political evils, yet, if it should be *unaccompanied* by a personal, moral Reformation, it would prove defective, inasmuch as it would not reach the source of the evil, the corruption of the human heart—the impure streams would still continue to flow abundantly

from that polluted fountain. The influence of religion, pure and undefiled religion, which reclaims, refines, and exalts the mind, can alone controul the innate depravity, and render those measures radically efficacious. The man, who derives his creed from the sacred and infallible oracles of God, and not from fallible human politics, is assured that, “Righteousness exalteth a nation, but sin is a reproach to any people,”—And that, “Unless the Lord keep the city, the watchman waketh but in vain.” Impressed with all the force of this powerful conviction, he views the desolations of Europe, as awful judgments, inflicted, by a righteous God, for the punishment of national iniquity, and national infidelity; and, considering the overflowings of ungodliness in this land, he can scarcely distinguish, whether his hopes, or fears, have the greatest preponderance in regard to the safety or danger of his own country. This may be deemed enthusiasm; but it is supported by scriptural authority. If a *safe*, practicable, and efficient plan for the melioration of the state could be devised, they, in whose bosoms the love of country is not extinguished, would rejoice at the consummation. But, modes of government cannot be changed with the

same facility, and as little inconvenience, as we change the fashion of our garments. Such an arduous undertaking, in which the dearest interests of the nation are deeply implicated, requires the aid of rare talent, united with prudence, and a guarded attention to *remote effects*. Where to begin, or where to end, has ever been a question of difficult solution, and upon which there seems to be no coincidence of sentiment. The discordant opinions of the public, the ungoverned passions of turbulent men, and the collision of parties, ought to be taken into serious consideration, lest an impetuous whirlwind should arise; and, instead of the production of light, order, and peace, the state should be unhappily involved in gloom, anarchy, and blood. The incomparable fabric of British constitution, raised by the wisdom and skill of our ancestors, has happily escaped the unhallowed hand of revolutionary violence. If, through the lapse of ages, or other causes, it should have sustained injury, let the defect be repaired by skilful and *constitutional* architects, with *sound* materials; but let us beware of removing the corner stones or displacing the principal pillars, lest the goodly and venerable edifice, the envy and admiration of Europe, should fall in ruins, and,

“like the baseless fabric of a vision, leave not a wreck behind.”—The *Writer*, in the calm shade of retirement, which has more charms for him than the most elevated station, “hears the tumult of the distant throng,” views the gathering storm and trembles for his country; still, his confidence is in the temperate wisdom of the nation, under the guidance of Heaven. Possessed neither of the talent nor the inclination for political debate, he engages not in the lists of controversy; yet, “sees eager ambition’s fiery chase,—the circling hunt of noisy men, pursuing and pursued, each other’s prey,”—withdraws from the giddy scene, and laments the folly. Pursuits of higher importance occupy his mind—pursuits more congenial with his disposition and his age. In a few more days, or a few more years, he may have no concern with the noise and lustre of this world—the time, in the course of nature, is approaching, when the connexion will be dissolved—Yet, however strong the desire may be to “keep the noiseless tenour of his way,” and whatever may be the term of his allotted mortal existence, the *amor patriæ* glows with such ardour in his breast, that he would, with heartfelt gratulation, hail the dawn of that auspicious day, when public virtue, influenced

by true religion, had acquired such perfection; that, the Representatives in Parliament would be under the guidance of the purest patriotism, and consider themselves as the guardians of the rights of the people, supporting administration, unanimously, when evidently not acting wrong, and opposing every measure clearly and essentially hostile to the real happiness and true interests of the nation. This would be a valuable Reform, the grand criterion to distinguish the independent patriot, from the zealous partizan: It is surely a crime of no small magnitude, to embarrass the executive power, and unnecessarily clog the wheels of government, particularly at this awful crisis, when the subtle foe, armed with gigantic power, meditates the ruin of Britain, and may return from his present enterprise, flushed with victory, to concentrate his mighty force, and exert all his energies, to accomplish our destruction. Nurtured in revolutionary stratagems, if he should despair of subduing British valour in the field, he will cherish the hope of an easier conquest, by *internal divisions*; and like the ambushed tiger wait the critical moment to spring upon his prey. How absolutely necessary, then, is the union of all parties to preserve our political existence! If;

for the correction of *national sins*, the demon of discord should be permitted to stalk through the land, and with pestiferous breath fan the flame of popular fury, what mournful scenes would ensue!—The parricidal hand of the son would be lifted up against the father—the brother would plunge the avenging dagger in the bosom of a brother, unmoved by the crimson stain of fraternal blood—the glory of the sun of Britain would set in night, and a terrific darkness overshadow the nation! Much has been said of the sovereignty of the people; but should that dread sovereignty be once put in irregular motion, who will be able to check the desolating progress, and say, “thus far shalt thou go and no farther!” The revolutionists of France, conscious of the irresistible effect of the combined physical strength of the people, used every seductive art to engage the preponderance of that formidable power, in favour of their cause, and having accomplished this design, the dire velocity of the ungovernable popular rage soon prostrated both the throne and the altar. The unhappy people became the victims of their own delusion—Under the dominion of the Jacobin faction, their sufferings were exquisite, and their blood flowed in torrents. It would

be reprehensible to charge any party in this country, with revolutionary principles. My design is not to foment divisions, but to promote cautionary measures, and to enforce the solemn truth, that a political, without a personal Reform, would afford no solid basis of tranquillity and peace. Should there be a solitary Briton contaminated by jacobinical doctrines, the fate of France must afford him an awful lesson of morality, at what an expense to his country, a revolution must be purchased, with the certainty of terminating in a ferocious *military despotism*. It has been affirmed that “We have nothing left worth preserving,”—the bold ungrounded assertion is a mark of high ingratitude to Heaven, for the preservation of our civil and religious privileges. Demand of the miserable inhabitant of the Continent, bleeding under the scourge of war and groaning under the yoke of oppression, if he would not deem it high felicity to be a native of Britain! And, where is the infatuated man to be found in this country, who would *exchange situations*? Let the discontented individual, who spurns the blessings of his native land with arrogance and maintains that they exist only in idea, make the experiment, and seek some fairer clime, in i-

imaginary regions, where human nature is supposed to be in a higher state of culture, or in *primitive simplicity*,—Where a more virtuous Monarch, or, elective Chief, sways a milder sceptre—where the peaceful inhabitants enjoy superior liberty—where there are more salutary laws for the protection of life and property, and where justice is administered with greater purity—where the tender charities of life are more abundant—where there are more magnificent establishments for casualties and disease, a more comfortable asylum for old age and poverty—And, if, in the course of his wanderings upon the face of the habitable globe, the scenes painted in such glowing colours, by a fervid imagination, should not be realized, he may return from his weary and fruitless pilgrimage, with an understanding enlightened by experience, to hail, with rapture, the incomparable blessings which he once viewed with disdain, to salute his native soil with ardour—And, in gratitude to Heaven, to offer up the incense of his praise to Almighty God, that it was his happy lot to have been born a BRITON.

BRITANNICUS.

ON THE DERIVATION OF

Rain-cliff,

which first appeared in ‘*The Scarborough Repository*’ of 1824.

In reply to *Scrutator’s* inquiry respecting the “derivation of the name of Rain-cliff, which is given to a range of hills a few miles to the west of Scarborough,” it will be proper to observe, that in deriving appellations, we must never lose sight of the great features of nature. The variety of peculiar names derived from common ones, was produced by *prefixes* or *post-fixes*, which infinitely varied the words for streams and hills.—Rain, Raun or Ren ; Rian or Rien ; Raven, and Ruan, are of Celtic origin, and when used as *prefixes* denote the peculiar features of the locality, as bordering on the sea, a stream of water, or a river. General Vallancey supposes *Rain* to mean the sea ; and Rian or Rien, the little sea, as in Lough-*Rian*. We have *Rain-cliff* or Ren-cliff near Speeton, and Raven-hill at the Peak near Robin Hood’s Bay,

on the *Sea*-coast, the latter of which has been supposed by some antiquarians, to be derived from the Danish *Reafan* or Standard, on the invasion of the Danes ; but from the Celtic etymology, it more probably refers to it's *maritime* situation. Spurn point at the entrance of the Humber is an abbreviation of the ancient name *Ravenspurne*, *Ravenness* is also a name of the same place, and perhaps the best construction which can be put upon it, is that of *Sea-ness*. The name of *Ravensbourne* is applied to a *river* between Lewisham and Bromley in Kent, which runs into the Thames. Ruan is the Celtic name of a little stream which runs into *Polruan* in Devonshire. Dr. Pryce interprets *Ruan Major* the “ *Great River*.”

Admitting the Celtic word *Rain*, as a *prefix*, to signify *river*, the same as *Raven*, in *Ravensbourne*, it will be fair to infer that *Rain-cliff*, by it's distinguishing local feature, derives it's appellation from it's proximity to the river Derwent, and may with propriety be construed *River-cliff*.

Towns, as well as Hills and Streams, frequently derived their appellations from the striking features of their locality. *Scarburg*, the

ancient name of Scarborough, is of *Saxon* origin, implying, in it's primitive signification, a place of strength and a municipality, in a *rocky* situation. *Scearburg*, according to Camden signifies *Burgus in prærupta rupe*, a Burgh upon a craggy rock. According to Somner, it is *Urbs vel Arx in Acuta, vel acuminate rupe sita*, a City, a walled Town, or a fort or Castle upon a pointed rock, as among the Brabanters *Sharpenberg*, a sharp or pointed hill. *Scar* also signifies *Collis petrosus et asper*, a rocky and rugged hill.

Scarborough has varied in it's denominations. It has been called *Scearburg*, *Scharpenberg*, *Skarpasper*, *Scarrdaborgum*, *Skardeburg*, *Scarburg*, all referring to it's peculiar locality.

T. H.

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